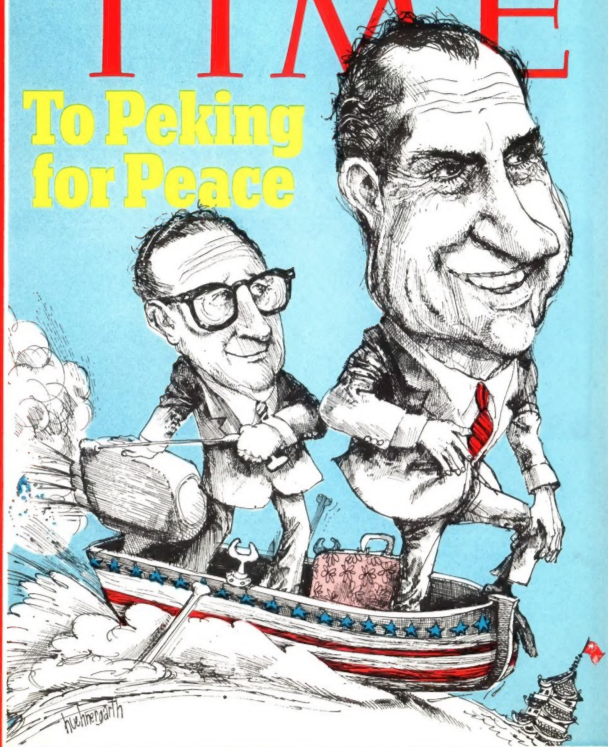


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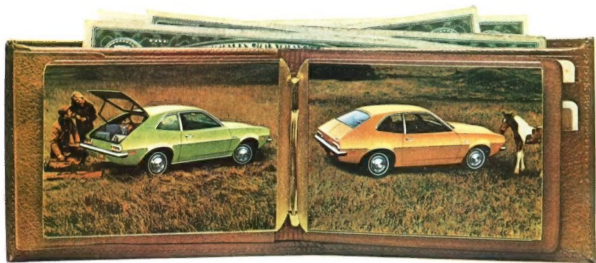
JULY 26, 1971

TIME

To Peking for Peace



In your wallet, you'll know it's right.



Pinto 3-door Runabout. The rear seat folds forward to give you a carpeted cargo area that's five feet long. Holds golf clubs. Camp gear. Luggage. This new Pinto packs more fun than any import.

Pinto standard equipment includes: 4-speed floor mounted shift, 1 point 6 litre (75 hp) engine, rack and pinion steering, high-back bucket seats and over 30 Ford Lifeguard design safety features.

Here's the kind of value that'll give you a nice, satisfied feeling. The 2-door Pinto. Or new 3-door Pinto Runabout (left). Both are priced low like the small imports. And they averaged 25mpg in simulated city/suburban driving. But from there on in, Pinto is a lot more little car than the imports.

Pinto is a do-it-yourself car.

There are almost 40 jobs you can easily handle. Things like adding transmission fluid or changing the oil and oil filter. You can even do a simple tune-up—adjust the carburetor or replace spark plugs, condenser and distributor points if necessary.

You can pick up a do-it-yourself manual and tool kit when you pick up your Pinto. And get ready to save right away.

Pinto calls for far less scheduled maintenance than VW. One-half as many oil changes. One-sixth as many lubes. The brakes are self-adjusting. So, here again you save.

Overall, Pinto is designed to last longer. It has strong, beefy parts like rustproof steel-alloy brake lines. And five main engine bearings—the leading import has only four.

Where do you go from here? To your Ford Dealer's and a test drive. Five minutes behind the wheel will tell you. Pinto's right.


Better idea for safety. Buckle up.

PINTO 

THE MAILROOM FOR THE BUSINESS THAT HAS MAIL BUT NO ROOM



Just because your business doesn't have much mail is no reason your mail has to be underprivileged. If you're in business, your mail should be in business, too. And that means having it look as well, and be handled with as much dispatch as mail from a corporate giant.

Your business may be too small to have a mailroom in the full sense, but it's not too small to have a Pitney Bowes Touchmatic Postage Meter—all the “mailroom” a very small business needs.

Our Touchmatic Postage Meter takes the place of a drawerful of stamps, a record-keeping book, and the tongue of your annoyed secretary.

It seals your envelopes, prints the proper amount of postage on them, prints postage on a gummed tape for parcel post, even prints a little advertisement for you alongside the postage—and keeps a continuing record of your expenses.

Our postage meter even helps your mail get where it's going a little faster, by dating, cancelling and postmarking it while it prints the postage. That saves up to nine mail handling steps at the Post Office, and speeds your mail on its way.

With a Pitney Bowes Touchmatic Postage Meter occupying a small corner of a desk, you don't have to be a big business to get the big benefits of metered mail.

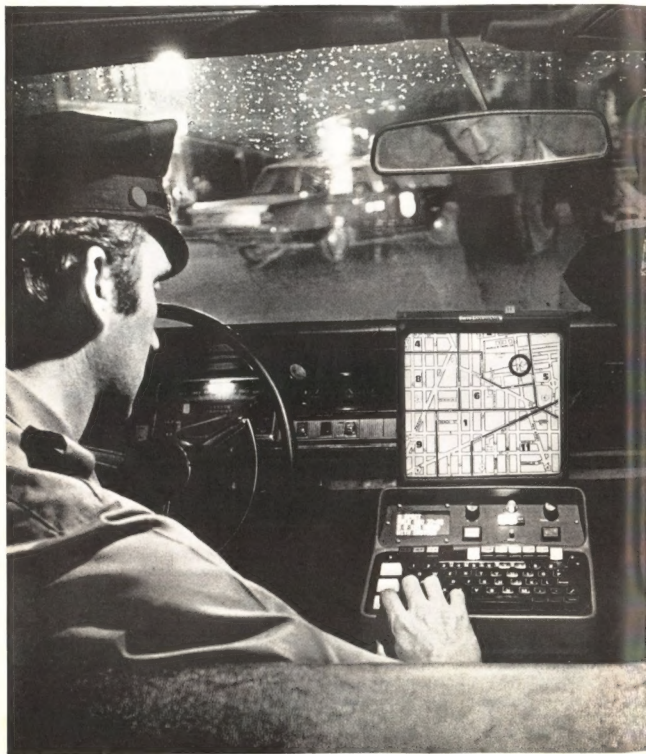
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Introducing a crimestopper so advanced



Digicom is made by the Sociosystems Products Organization of GTE Sylvania, P.O. Box 188, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

Dick Tracy doesn't have it yet.



It should come as no news flash to you that there's no one easy way to stop crime.

But it may surprise you to know that a lot of the job is wrapped up in one man. The guy whose job it is to get the police to the scene fast. The police dispatcher.

As the calls come in, he has to track down the radio car closest to the scene.

And that's just for openers.

Because next he has to find out if it's available.

And then get in touch with it by radio.

Which is exactly where our new crimestopper comes in. The digicom system from GTE Sylvania.

Digicom records the availability of all radio cars on a TV screen down at headquarters.

It even records their exact location. (When the radio patrolman touches a spot on his digimap, the same spot lights up on the dispatcher's duplicate map.)

As for the cop on patrol, with digicom in his car, he can actually run five license plate checks a minute directly through the state computer file. And check up on suspicious characters.

Unlike conventional radio, nobody can listen in, and the channels are never congested. Because digicom doesn't transmit voices. It transmits data. Electronically.

Naturally, all of this means a lot to the police, who need all the help they can get nowadays.

The cop on the spot can make faster decisions, because he's better informed.

That goes for the dispatcher, too.

But it also means something to the average citizen.

Knowing which car to send where can not only save time, but lives. And at the very least, can just plain get help to a lot of people fast.

Of course, the police can't carry digicom around with them like Dick Tracy's wrist-radio.

Yet.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

**I will tell you
how I run
my airline.**



**Guten Tag
pretty stewardesses of
Lufthansa
German Airlines:**

When our 747 passengers don't
like the movie, introduce them
to our special "quiet" section.

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about our special
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We are not dummkopfs.

The Red Baron

BEAT THE SYSTEM. BUY A VOLVO.



SEE THE YELLOW PIG FOR THE DEALER NEAREST YOU. VOLVO IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF VOLVO CAR CORP. © VOLVO INC. 1973

LETTERS

Free Rock-Throwing

Sir: When a chain store sets one price for its product in a ghetto area and a lower price in a white suburban location, people are properly outraged.

When an airline charges a 25-year-old \$200 for a flight to Europe and asks a middle-aged citizen to pay \$600, the champions of fair play are strangely silent.

It's ironic that the victims of this outrageous discrimination do most of the work in our society and pay most of the taxes required to support the facilities used by these airlines.

As long as we're too old and too poor to visit Europe, perhaps we should spend our \$200 on a trip to Washington, where we can throw rocks at the CAB.

BRAD SEBAST
Winnetka, Ill.

A Natural Sense of Time

Sir: Gerald Clarke's discussion on punctuality [June 28] was a delight to read. However, Clarke ignores one dimension when he implies that a time sense is unnatural and a product of industrial man. The time habits of many birds, mammals and even fish are known by canny hunters and anglers, and the biological rhythms of man are currently under study. Some people may make an effort at unpunctuality, but it is unlikely that man could willfully break free from a sense of time.

ROBERT G. FERGUSON
Wheatley, Ont.

Sir: Time isn't running a race; eternity has no limit; forever has no end. Funny how people create the weapons of their self-

destruction, and believe it or not, the clock is a weapon. Disarm time and you can live forever.

CARLOS RODRIGUEZ
Calgary, Alta.

Sir: The omission of India from "the supposedly languid Orient" was perhaps significant. As believers in the karmic theory of life, we can have but an academic interest in punctuality, for we have aeons of time before us. So if a thing cannot be done today or tomorrow, it can be done in the next life. Hence our belief that if you are there before it is over, you are on time. For a change, I would commend to the Americans the healthy art of keeping up with yesterday.

R.T. SHAHANI
Bombay

Sir: Gerald Clarke's Essay charges Marshal Ney with responsibility for Napoleon's debacle at Waterloo. Surely the blame should go to the dilatory and unfortunate Marshal Grouchy for his failure to intercept Blücher's Prussians, and not to the intrepid Ney, who on the contrary, attacked Wellington two hours ahead of time.

MICHAEL A. BUDNY
New York City

► Napoleon was annoyed with both his commanders. In writing of the battle he described how Marshal Ney "wavered and lost eight hours" and "forgot the troops who were not under his eye." He also referred to the "inexcusable inertia of Marshal Grouchy."

Reply from a Pilot-Astronaut

Sir: In your article "Moscow High, Houston Low" [June 28], you revive the old "scientist-astronaut v. pilot-astronaut" issue in a way that is totally misleading.

1. Brian O'Leary, whom you quote on the dominance of the test pilot at Houston, left the program at an early stage of training. His qualifications to speak on NASA policy and procedures are little better than those of the man in the street.

2. The ALSEP antenna on Apollo 14 was initially aligned exactly according to settings supplied by Houston. Whether the base subsequently settled in the dirt or was pulled off position by one of the many cables attached to the station will never be known. In any event, to use that in your argument is ludicrous.

3. The statement that we "acted like robots," etc., may very well have been said. However, if so, that is the first derogatory statement we have heard from anyone purporting to represent the scientific community.

EDGAR D. MITCHELL
Captain, U.S.N.
NASA Astronaut
Houston

► TIME regrets that Astronaut Mitchell was offended, but stands behind its report of the grumblings at NASA.

It Takes Two

Sir: Perhaps the idea of "victims in search of assassins" [July 5] is not such a new one after all, even if recently brought to public notice. About half a century back it was defined by D.H. Lawrence. In his novel *Women in Love* one of his characters says, "It takes two people to make

The eternal question.

The nature of love was pursued by countless poets even before Geoffrey Chaucer reflected on it six hundred years ago.

And if his "Troilus and Criseyda" didn't give him a satisfactory answer, it did give us the beauty of his search. His words, committed to paper, will last as long as man keeps following his elusive grail.

Yet without paper to retell it, we would never hear the ancient poets' songs. Or escape into a novelist's imagination. Or be touched by man's thoughts reaching through the ages.

Thanks to printers and publishers, people in the most remote corners of the earth can experience centuries of genius.

So when you have something that's worth saying, remember this: the only way to make it unforgettable is to put it in print.

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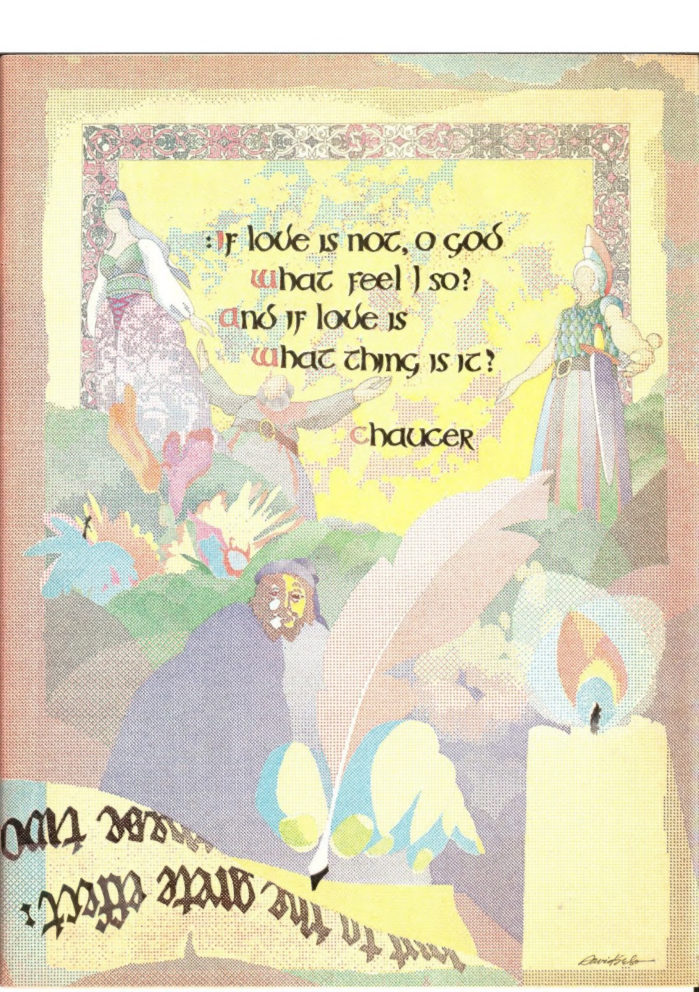
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CrownZellerbach
Printing Paper Division



NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO



: If love is not, o god
what feel I so?
and if love is
what thing is it?

CHAUCE

Went to the grete effect,
make two

THE ALL- DAY CAR.

A lot of people who bought a Vega thinking it would be a nice economical little car to run around town in are finding out, now that it's summer, that Vega is also a nice comfortable little car to run around America in.

Vega's incredibly comfortable foam-filled seats are a factor. The longer you sit, the more you appreciate them.

Vega is also surprisingly roomy for a little car, even with vacation stuff aboard.

The car is stable in crosswinds, flat on turns, and unexpectedly smooth on roads

that are somewhat less than perfect.

Vega cruises well at turnpike speeds with its specially designed 140-cubic-inch overhead cam aluminum engine.

As for gas mileage, we've been getting around 25 mpg, in our own highway tests, with the standard engine and transmission.

Listen, you've got better things to do than sit around reading ads.

You should get into a Vega and get out on the road.

See the U.S.A. in your V.E.G.A.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Buckling your seat and shoulder belts
is an idea you can live with.

VEGA
CHEVROLET

Try telling the lady she'll have to start washing by hand.

Try explaining to the lady how her electricity is needed to light another kindergarten. Or to run an elevator in the new hospital addition.

"Fine," she'll say. "Let's make more electricity."

And that's about it. As there are more and more of us to use more electricity, it's either make more or tell the lady she can't have all the electricity she wants. An unthinkable idea to most people.

But there are going to be more of us. About 30 million more in just the next ten years, according to the Bureau of the Census. This means new homes by the millions. Hospitals. Schools. Whole new communities.

The demand for more electricity will be further boosted by our growing desire to clean America's house. The air, the water, our cities, our countryside. Each job will take lots of energy. And if not versatile electric energy, then what?

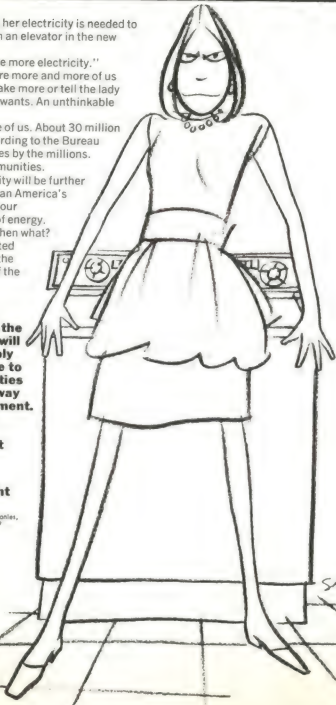
These needs must be anticipated by as much as ten years to allow for the careful planning and construction of the necessary power plants and transmission lines.

Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019



THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Keeping Secrets

No one knew. Barring some so-far undetected insight by a journalist, diplomat, or gypsy fortune teller, Henry Kissinger's excursion to Peking was a stunningly well-kept secret. Ironically, Kissinger's coup came at a time when the Pentagon papers had provoked new debate over secrecy in government. To many, both in and out of government, the documents' publication proved that government security was as leaky as a sieve, thereby endangering U.S. capability of dealing privately with other nations. Actually, the opposite conclusion could be drawn from the fact that the report—the work of more than 30 people—did not come to even semipublic attention for years. At any rate, the mission to Peking proved that the U.S. Government can almost always outfox the world, and especially the press, when it so chooses. Clearly, secrecy is still eminently possible, and so, it would appear, is the skillful practice of U.S. diplomacy.

Report Your Local Pusher

The Wild West bounty system that put a price on men's heads and waited for others to collect has its modern applications. The Tampa, Fla., Chamber of Commerce initiated a "Turn in a Pusher" program almost six months ago, and the response has been a combination of *Gunslinger* and James Bond.

A code name is given each caller, and an elaborate payoff system involving a clandestine rendezvous is used to reward the anonymous informant. The cloak-and-dagger atmosphere is apparently part of the program's lure. Said the program head: "People are interested in that type of thing—code names, secret drops. There's a little *I Spy* in all of us."

Who Owns Boardwalk?

While the impact of the Pentagon papers continues to reverberate in the U.S., a Marxist explanation comes from the Soviet magazine *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. In the Russian view, the secret study was published because three factions of monopolists were warring among themselves.

According to *Gazeta*, the three factions are: 1) makers of consumer and civilian goods, 2) suppliers of military goods not used in the Viet Nam War, and 3) military-industrial manufacturers whose goods are used in the war. As the Soviets see it, the civilian-sector monopolists and non-Viet Nam military-industrial monopolists became disenchanted with the war. Upset over the inflation and shrinking revenues caused by the Indochina involvement, the monopolists then arranged for the documents to be published as an embarrassment to the military-industrial monopolists who had reaped profits from the Viet Nam conflict. Each of the newspapers that re-

ceived and printed the Pentagon papers during the two weeks of court battles was simply an agent of the dissident monopolies.



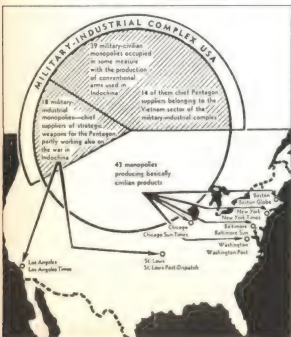
NIXON WELCOMING KISSINGER

Cost of War

To attempt to measure the costs of war is to handle the quicksilver of suffering with clumsy fingers. Although much of the toll is beyond quantifying, some reckoning is possible. The Library of Congress has just completed a study for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that provides a partial accounting of Viet Nam expenditures.

Only World War II cost the U.S. more in money: Viet Nam has cost \$490 for every American man, woman and child. Since major U.S. intervention began in 1965, 5.5 million tons of bombs, rockets and cannon shells have been dropped on Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia—more than twice the total the U.S. used in World War II. Nearly one-seventh of South Viet Nam's land area has been sprayed with plant-killing herbicides. One expert estimates that defoliation has destroyed as much commercial timber as South Viet Nam uses in 31 years.

The human toll is, of course, more staggering. Through the February 1971 cutoff date of the study, 53,915 Americans died in Viet Nam—44,610 of them killed in combat—and 149,154 were wounded seriously enough to be hospitalized. The study reports that 472,013, or 2.6% of the total population of South Viet Nam, have been killed or seriously wounded while serving in South Viet Nam's armed forces. Going by the U.S. "body count" figures, the number of Viet Cong and North Viet Cong soldiers killed (714,984) equals 3.45% of the population of North Viet Nam. Civilian deaths in South Viet Nam, described in the report as "very approximate," number 325,000. According to the South Vietnamese government, 30% of the dead were children under the age of 13.



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ON RETURN FROM SECRET JOURNEY



KISSINGER & CHOU IN PEKING

Nixon's Coup: To Peking for Peace

It was a very moving occasion. It is not often one can say he has participated in turning a new page in history.

—Henry Kissinger

THE words seem slightly grandiloquent in a McLuhanesque age when all is known at once, the future long discounted, and uninformed options line up by the numbers. Yet the words were justified. In just 90 seconds of television time, President Richard Nixon last week made an announcement that altered many of the major assumptions and patterns of postwar diplomacy. The President would go to Peking to meet with China's Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai before next May. The arrangements had been made by his National Security Adviser, Henry Kissinger, during a secret meeting with Chou in Peking the week before.

The aim of the meeting, said the President, "is to seek the normalization of relations between the two countries and also to exchange views on questions of concern to the two sides." The deceptively modest formulation brought an instant and exuberant response. "This is a turning point in world history—I cannot remember anything in my lifetime more exciting or more encouraging," declared England's Lord Caradon, former Ambassador to the United Nations. "This is one of the great moments in the world's history," echoed The Netherlands' Joseph Luns, new Secretary-General of NATO.

Nixon and Kissinger, who had hibernated together from the Western White House at San Clemente to make

the announcement in the same Burbank studio where the slapstick *Laugh-In* show is taped, knew that the understated declaration had startled the world. With four aides, they skipped off in high spirits to Perino's, a fashionable Los Angeles restaurant, where Nixon gleefully shook hands with bystanders on the sidewalk and his party celebrated inside with a \$40 bottle of Chateau Lafite Rothschild (1961) during dinner. Happy, too, was Kissinger; at the height of a brilliant career, he enjoys a global spotlight and an influence that most professors only read about in their libraries.

New Perspectives

Nixon's elation was appropriate. Unless some unforeseen and unlikely event aborts his trip, he will become the first Western head of state to visit Peking since Mao Tse-tung's revolutionaries drove Chiang Kai-shek's government out of power and off the mainland in 1949. He will thus dramatically shatter nearly a quarter-century of total official estrangement between the two powers. Certainly, that refusal to deal directly with each other has been blindly unrealistic, and in a sense Nixon's overture was only a move long overdue: it was high time for both nations to change their stance. Yet Nixon acted with determination and courage. The mere announcement of a summit meeting throws relationships among many nations, large and small, into wholly new perspectives.

Above all, the meeting could lead to a resolution of the long and bloody nightmare of the Viet Nam War. The meeting could help solve—however slowly

—other specific problems that have kept China and the U.S. from dealing civilly with each other: the status of Chiang's government on Taiwan, the admission of Peking to the United Nations, the establishment of diplomatic relations. The unprecedented 16 hours of reasonable and unpolemic talks between Kissinger and Chou and the resulting invitation to Nixon suggested that some progress had already been made on most of those topics. Otherwise neither side could hold much expectation of achieving warmer relations at the summit level.

Far more personally for Richard Nixon, the embattled U.S. President stands a chance to emerge as a peacemaker—in time for a needed boost in popularity before he faces a tough re-election campaign in the fall of 1972. It would be ironic—and yet appropriate—if the man who launched a political career largely on the basis of his fervent anti-Communism were to cap it by establishing himself as a leader who helped move the capitalist and Communist worlds toward a historic *rapprochement*. The shift in Nixon's attitudes has been gradual but dazzling. During the Korean War, he urged the bombing of China; less than two years ago, Peking leaders assailed Nixon as "a cunning and crafty swindler and a murderer." Yet he soon may be applauded in the streets of Peking, walk through the Gate of Heavenly Peace and dine with Mao and Chou.

To be sure, much could still go wrong. There is no certainty that any of the high expectations will be achieved. Obviously, unforeseen events could prevent

the meeting; Dwight Eisenhower's 1960 summit with Russia was thwarted when the Communists downed an American U-2 reconnaissance plane, and Lyndon Johnson's similar hopes were dashed in 1968 by the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. The biggest threat to Nixon's trip would seem to be the uncertain status of the Viet Nam War. If the U.S. troop withdrawal program lags or the U.S. finds it necessary to resume massive bombing of North Viet Nam, the Chinese may renege on their invitation.

If the trip does come off, there is always the possibility of a fundamental—or even temperamental—disagreement that could deliver a crushing blow to the world's newly aroused hopes. Warns Edwin O. Reischauer, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan: "The American people must not expect too much too fast. We are still too hung up on

on] visit, but one day we have to normalize relations even with our foes." Moscow, the power that stands to lose most from any collaboration between its two principal antagonists, so far has remained ominously quiet. Tass played the story straight, offering no comment.

Yet most world capitals were ecstatic. In Paris, *France-Soir* bannered the announcement *LE COUP DE NIXON* and declared that Nixon's decision "turns the international situation topsy-turvy" and "may soon bring peace without capitulation or humiliation for anyone." Rome's Italian state radio called the news *clamoroso*, while South Africa's *Johannesburg Star* hailed the development as "the most needed move forward in the world's painful crawl toward assured peace."

Worldwide speculation soared over the timing of the Nixon-Chou agree-

stand. In a *Foreign Affairs* article, he asserted: "Any American policy toward Asia must come urgently to grips with the reality of China." Now, in his overseas trips as President, Nixon made a point of telling national leaders that he wished to open a dialogue with the Chinese. At one time or another, he used the French and the Canadians as intermediaries. Most useful of all was Romanian President Nicolae Ceausescu, the only Communist chieftain who gets along with both Russia and China.

The Administration made significant changes in its public announcements. In the summer of 1969, Secretary of State Rogers gave a series of speeches in which he urged an easing of tensions with China. For the first time since the Communist takeover of China, a presidential document in 1970 referred to the "People's Republic of China" instead of "Communist" or "Red" China. The President used the phrase again in a toast to President Ceausescu. The Administration sought to make it clear that "we were not bound by previous history." That meant in Indochina too. Perhaps the most crucial message delivered to Peking was that Nixon wanted out of Viet Nam.

Sly Aside

At first China did not respond. But by late 1969, there were clear signs of Chinese interest. For one thing, China agreed to resume the Warsaw talks, which had opened in 1955 to explore avenues toward peaceful coexistence. Even when the U.S. invaded Cambodia, the talks, though suspended, were not cut off. Peking's response was exceptionally restrained, considering its past responses to American military moves. Nor did the invasion of Laos unduly upset the Chinese. By this time, it was the North Vietnamese who were disturbed, reacting with alarm to the mildness shown by their ally. Chou En-lai led a delegation to Hanoi to reassure them.

The pace of change picked up dramatically last April. The American Ping Pong team was invited to Peking; the U.S. relaxed trade barriers on nonstrategic goods. Old China Hand Edgar Snow returned from a trip to Peking with a piece of news that was published in a *LIFE* article: Chairman Mao wanted a visit by Nixon, who had said in an earlier press conference that he wished to go to China. In a sly aside to Snow, Mao suggested that, for political reasons, Nixon would probably want to come some time after May 1972. Actually, he hopes to go very early next year.

It was during last April that Nixon plunged into the intensive study culminating in the Kissinger trip. Total secrecy was imposed in order to give both sides ample room for maneuver and a chance to escape from the enterprise without embarrassment. For fear of possible leaks, Nixon and Kissinger



"Tell 'em Sam sent you."

China—either we hate her or we love her; we respond either with hostility or excitement."

Responding with more excitement than hostility, the rest of the world may take weeks or months to absorb the diplomatic turn and simmer down. Taiwan, of course, felt sorely threatened by the new U.S. coziness with Chinese Communism, fearing—with good reason—that its interests would be sacrificed. Ambassador James Shen, complaining publicly of "a shabby deal," lodged a strong private protest in Washington; a Taipei statement said that Nationalist China was still determined "to recover the Chinese mainland" and would never "yield to any pressure or violence." Japan, which sees itself as the dominant resident power in Asia, expressed public approval but private reservations about China's implicit challenge to its ties to the U.S. South Korea, still facing Communist troops to its north, also protested—and proclaimed a day of mourning for Taiwan. Obviously worried but gamely approving were South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu and Foreign Minister Tran Van Lam, who said: "We did not expect the [Nix-

on] visit, but one day we have to normalize relations even with our foes." Moscow, the power that stands to lose most from any collaboration between its two principal antagonists, so far has remained ominously quiet. Tass played the story straight, offering no comment.

Switching Signals

The planning for the Kissinger trip began, in a sense, during the opening weeks of Richard Nixon's presidency. Quietly and methodically, the President started a painstaking reversal of diplomatic signals in an effort to show Peking that the U.S. wanted to normalize relations. He was clearly prepared for this move: as long ago as one year before his election, he had indicated his departure from his earlier anti-Peking

continued on page 14

The Secret Voyage of Henry K.

FROM the moment of departure, the tour of National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger was understated, underpublicized and played with such casual routine that the press, as well as other interested observers, were all but lulled to sleep. As Kissinger moved from Saigon to Thailand to India, the reporters who greeted him had little to write home about. So the 23 days that Kissinger was missing and presumed ill in Pakistan raised scarcely an eyebrow.

The Pakistanis were asked in advance to aid in the disappearing act: President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan was apparently in on the secret. Kissinger arrived in Islamabad on the afternoon of July 8. After a 90-minute chat with President Yahya Khan, he made a sudden change in his schedule. Word was put out that he was going to the mountain resort of Nathia Gali for a brief working holiday. That was the last anyone in Pakistan was to see of Kissinger for 64 hours.

On July 9, the Pakistani government announced that Kissinger had been forced to stay in Nathia Gali for another day because of a slight indisposition, which was presumed by correspondents to be a case of common dysentery or "Delhi belly." When pressed hard, a U.S. embassy official, trying to conceal his own doubts, said that a doctor had been sent to examine him. In that case, asked a reporter, why could not Kissinger be lodged in an air-conditioned room in Islamabad? The reply: Kissinger did not want to embarrass anyone in the capital by his illness. At that point, reporters grew skeptical, but their hunch was that Kissinger had gone to see some East Pakistan officials.

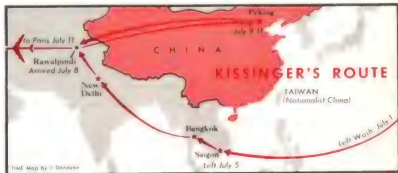
Instead of going to the mountains, or to East Pakistan, Kissinger was taken to the airport in Rawalpindi, seven miles from Islamabad. There he boarded a Pakistan International Airlines Boeing 707 for Peking. Given the circumstances, it was the best possible ruse. It is not hard to keep a secret in the rigidly controlled state of Pakistan. And even if they had been curious, it is doubtful whether the members of the plane crew would have known whom they were transporting. Kissinger could easily pass for just another British businessman. The fact that a Pakistan plane was taking off for Peking was nothing out of the ordinary. The Chinese lack long-range jets that can make the nonstop flight between Rawalpindi and Peking. Under a bilateral agreement, Pakistan Airlines has been carrying passengers and freight between the two capitals on both regular and unscheduled runs. Thus Kissinger's aircraft would have caused no stir when it left for Peking.

Accompanying Kissinger on the flight were three aides: John Holdridge, a member of his staff who specializes in the Far East and speaks Chinese; Winston Lord, a special assistant; and Richard Smyser, a Foreign Service officer who is an expert on Southeast Asia. The rest of Kissinger's staff remained behind in Rawalpindi—as much in the dark as anybody else and no doubt hoping that their boss would soon recover from his bout with Delhi belly.

At noon on July 9, Kissinger and his aides landed at a deserted airfield on the outskirts of Peking. They were met by Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, a high-ranking Politburo member and two Foreign Office officials. Also on hand was Huang Hua, one of Peking's top experts on U.S. affairs, whose move to Canada as Ambassador to Ottawa had been de-



DRAWING BY G. LEVINE



layed because of the Kissinger trip. The group drove to a handsome villa on a small lake outside Peking and sat down to a sumptuous Chinese lunch. While the rest of the U.S. delegation, adjusting to their environment, ate with chopsticks, Kissinger stuck to knife and fork. At 4 in the afternoon, Chou En-lai arrived and serious talks got under way. Chou and Kissinger sat on opposite sides of a table covered with green felt and talked through dinner and on into the night.

Kissinger had brought with him a bulky volume containing prepared statements and position papers drafted by Nixon, Rogers and himself. There was no prearranged agenda. The President's visit was only one of many items discussed. Kissinger chose his verbs with more care than usual. Two interpreters, one born in the U.S., the other a Chinese who attended Harvard, translated his words for Chou. But it was a redundant exercise. Chou speaks fluent English and occasionally corrected the translators. He used the translation rather to give himself time to frame his answers, which he delivered without once consulting his notes.

The following day, July 10, Kissinger and his party were given a tour of the Forbidden City. That afternoon,

they resumed talks with Chou in the Great Hall of the People in Peking. The second session lasted as long as the first: about eight hours. In the dramatic settings for the talks, said a White House official, the Chinese were "enormously gracious and polite. On the human level, we were treated extraordinarily well. The mood of the session was precise and businesslike. There was no rhetoric on either side. We spoke frankly, directly and I believe usefully. It was not a conversation in which either side was trying to hold the other one up."

After dining by themselves that night, the Americans rejoined the Chinese to work out the communiqué. On Sunday, there was a final meeting and a farewell lunch. The Americans departed at 1 p.m. Kissinger's appearance reflected his success. When he returned from Peking, an alert observer might have noticed that the man who was supposedly suffering from a stomach ailment had put on five pounds. According to White House vets, Kissinger was so impressed by the meals in Peking that he jested: "A guest of the state must have starved to death 3,000 years ago and the Chinese are determined that it will not happen again."



CHIANG KAI-SHEK & MAO TSE-TUNG (1945)
A day of mourning for Taiwan.

did not work on the project in the Oval Office, where the President sees many visitors daily, but in the more secluded Lincoln Room. Though China experts were aware of a major policy review, they were kept in the dark. In fact, the community of Sinologists grumbled that Nixon was not properly following up his contacts with Peking.

Great Impact

Thus Kissinger was able to embark on his diplomatic adventure—a five-nation trip ostensibly related to the war in Viet Nam—and to fly into Peking from Pakistan without arousing suspicion, while pretending to be ill with a stomach ailment (see box, page 13). He arrived in Peking fully aware that Chou was more than willing to see Nixon. But just what the Kissinger-Chou talks produced that convinced both sides that they would benefit from a summit meeting remains one of the mysteries surrounding the affair. Uncertainty that matters would go smoothly was undoubtedly a reason for all of the secrecy; if they had not, the resulting publicity could have produced a disillusionment that would have prevented another attempt later.

The extraordinary Nixon-Kissinger diplomatic venture is certain to have a great impact on at least three specific issues:

THE WAR. In his announcement, the President did not mention Viet Nam, but it is inconceivable that his trip is not related to a potential settlement. To that end, the mere opening of direct communication with Peking could prove immensely helpful. Even if it wanted to, China could not force Hanoi to negotiate realistically toward a settlement that would be face-saving for both sides. Hanoi clings stubbornly to its independence and can always look toward Moscow to fill in military supplies that Peking might cut off. Yet China re-

mains influential because of its current and past help to Hanoi in the war. China watchers are increasingly convinced that Peking's leaders are tired of this drain on their time, money and matériel and are eager to concentrate on building their economy—and confronting some 400,000 Soviet troops poised near their borders. Moreover, they no longer fear that the U.S. will emerge from the war in any position that would seriously embarrass the Communist forces.

It is likely Kissinger assured Chou that the U.S. would stick to its withdrawal plans and might well have ceased all active combat missions by the time Nixon goes to Peking. In return, Chou may have agreed to press Hanoi to seek a settlement short of a takeover of South Viet Nam—in the confidence that this would eventually happen anyway. Chou probably promised Kissinger that China would be willing to take part in a new Geneva-style conference to seek a negotiated settlement of the entire Southeast Asia conflict, thus taking the initiative away from the U.S.S.R. Chou conveyed such a willingness to a visiting Australian official last week.

Meanwhile, back in Paris, the peace talks were making little headway. Chief U.S. Negotiator David Bruce, who is to be replaced by Career Diplomat Wil-

liam Porter in August, argued that the seven-point Communist proposal was too vague, and asked for clarification of some of the points. Though no progress was yet evident at the conference table, North Vietnamese diplomats elsewhere dropped hints that they might be willing to tolerate for a number of years an independent if neutral government in South Viet Nam as part of a political settlement. So far, the U.S. is unwilling to sacrifice the duly elected Thieu. The North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong played down Peking's notion of a multinational Geneva conference, insisting that the way to a settlement could be found in the Paris talks. Their attitude suggests that, just possibly, Hanoi might now come to terms more speedily in order to keep to a minimum China's influence on any outcome.

Not Found Wanting

One clue that new moves toward a negotiated end to the war are under way came from a high U.S. Administration official after the Nixon announcement. Said he: "I have insisted through all periods that in our judgment, the surest, most reliable and most desirable way of ending the war was through negotiations. I maintained this position when it was being ridiculed and when people said there was absolutely no possibility

Nobody Here But Us Moderates

IN the cavernous Peking Gymnasium a former diplomat named Yao Tingshan last month was unceremoniously dragged before a gallery of 4,000 approving spectators, then forced to bow down in humble obeisance while his hands and arms were twisted behind his back. The leader of a Red Guard unit during the frenetic Cultural Revolution, which all but paralyzed China between 1966 and 1969, Yao was accused of mounting a raid on the Chinese foreign ministry, burning down the British chancellery, and plotting a personal assault on Premier Chou En-lai. Yao's reported sentence: ten years in prison.

When Yao's trial got under way, the Chinese made a special effort to see that the foreign diplomatic community in Peking was fully aware of the proceedings. Chou himself has pointedly mentioned the case in recent conversations with foreign visitors. The motive is obvious: China's current leaders are sparing no effort to dissociate themselves from the ideological frenzy that threatened China with total chaos and mystified the watching world for much of the 1960s. Though its press and radio still crackle with anti-U.S. and anti-Soviet vitriol, Peking is in the midst of a prodigious effort to demonstrate that China is once again in the hands of responsible moderates.

But who are they? Yao's trial—not to mention Richard Nixon's invitation—could hardly have happened three years ago, when Mao's campaign to run "the capitalist-roaders" out of power and rejuvenate the Chinese Revolution was still going full bore. Back then, the five-member Standing Committee of the Politburo was dominated by the stars of Mao's cherished ideological left. Easily the most visible figure on the political scene was Mao's wife Chiang Ching, the onetime movie actress who became the shrillest voice of the Cultural Revolution. Another luminary was Chen Po-ta, whose considerable skill as Mao's longtime ghost-writer earned him the No. 4 spot in the party hierarchy by 1967, when the Red Guard rampages reached their peak.

Four years and several purges later, the Politburo's key committee has been whittled down to just three men: Mao Tse-tung, who heads the party; Defense Minister Lin Biao, No. 2 in the party and Mao's designated heir; and Premier Chou. Because China's presidency is vacant—no successor has been named for Liu Shao-chi, angrily deposed by Mao as a "revisionist" in 1967—Chou is the top man in the Chinese government, and the man with whom Richard Nixon will deal under the rules of protocol.

Mao may still be the Chairman, but

of negotiations. The President, who has been dedicated to this negotiating process from the beginning, against all odds, is not going to be found wanting when the whole record in pursuing avenues of peace is plain."

TAIWAN. President Nixon clearly indicated the U.S. treaty commitment to Taiwan in his TV announcement when he advised that "our action in seeking a new relationship with the People's Republic of China will not be at the expense of our old friends." Yet, while the U.S. defense commitment to Taiwan is legally binding and U.S. emotional ties are strong, the Chiang government's importance in world affairs is small. The pretense that Chiang is the leader of China has long been senseless. The U.S. cannot ignore the fact that Taiwan has a thriving free economy and one of the largest non-Communist armed forces in Asia. Nevertheless, America's practical military and political stake in the island is strictly limited. Recently the Defense Department suggested that nuclear weapons to be banned from Okinawa when it reverts to Japanese control might be transferred to Taiwan; other Washington officials dismissed this idea as politically impractical and militarily unnecessary. If required, these weapons could more readily be shifted to Guam.



NIXON LEAVING RESTAURANT AFTER TRIP ANNOUNCEMENT
The unpresidential elation was forgivable.

But China considers Taiwan its high-priority problem—so the basic conflict is serious. The most likely solution is that the U.S. will agree to withdraw its insignificant force of some 9,000 military personnel from Taiwan, as China insists. The U.S. has long since stopped

any regular naval patrols in the Taiwan Strait. It will not renounce its treaty obligation, and Peking could quietly agree not to attack the island, at least for the near future. This would amount to what has been euphemistically called "a one-China policy—but not now." The Chinese are not likely to attack Taiwan anyway; any such attempt would be a bloody and costly venture, China hopes that Chiang's regime will simply wither after the Generalissimo's death. Whatever the tactic, the long-range future of a non-Communist Chinese government on Taiwan is not bright.

U.S. ADMISSION AND RECOGNITION. Bluntly, Washington now considers Taiwan's position in the U.N. expendable and untenable. The U.S. is unlikely to vote for the admission of mainland China to the United Nations or the expulsion of Taiwan from the Security Council. But it can reasonably drop its insistence that China's admission is an important question requiring approval by a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly. As a merely procedural question, admission would require only a majority vote. Since a majority (51 to 49) voted last year to admit China and that sentiment is clearly growing, the outcome seems certain. Taiwan has threatened to leave the U.N. should that happen. If it were clear that Taiwan would not do so, the U.S. could vote against—but not fight—an alternative Albanian resolution that calls for a simple majority vote on substituting Peking for Taiwan. Under these circumstances, it would likely carry. The U.S. decision on what it will do is expected to be announced this week—and was undoubtedly revealed to Chou by Kissinger.

The U.S. is one of 63 nations that still recognize Taiwan as the legal government of China. When Nixon meets Chou and Mao, he will—in effect, if not technically—be recognizing the Peking government. Some continuing

Chou has emerged as China's unquestioned chief executive officer, ruling the country through what amounts to a working coalition of old-line—and old-aged—party bureaucrats and army officers. In Peking, Chou works in tandem with Army Chief Huang Yung-sheng, 65, an earthy, untraveled man who has little in common with the urbane, sophisticated Premier.

What the bureaucrats and the brass of China's ruling coalition do share is a distaste for ideological fervor and an inter-

est in such mundane matters as increasing production of food and industrial staples, including steel and heavy machinery—not the makings of a Kitchen Debate, perhaps, but more than antimaterialistic old Mao is likely to welcome.

Where does Mao stand nowadays? In their relentless campaign to cut the left out of China's leadership, Chou and Co. have sliced very close to the Chairman himself. Chiang Ching and Chen Po-ta have dropped out of political sight. Chen has also been the apparent target of recent Peking press attacks on "political swindlers" and "big careerists"—a sign that he has been relegated to complete political oblivion.

Could it happen to Mao? Impossible, if only because he is revered as something close to a god. Some Sinologists suggest that of late Mao has withdrawn into a kind of moody isolation, as he has done before when the tide of events has run against him. In domestic affairs particularly, it is speculated, Mao exercises mainly a veto power, while the "responsible men" have the initiative. But while it is true that he has been seen outside the vermilion walls of his quarters in the Forbidden City in Peking only once in the past three months, that is hardly remarkable for a man of Mao's age (77) and detached, emperor-like status. What matters is that he has not chosen to stand in the way of his country's slow move toward moderation—or of its invitation to Richard Nixon.

CHIANG CHING & CHEN PO-TA



diplomatic tie seems inevitable if the talks go well. It could begin below the ambassadorial level—but with skilled diplomats in the posts—to avoid immediate protocol problems. The difference between this and full-scale recognition would be mainly illusory.

How Others See It

As difficult and significant as those issues may be—and any one of them could conceivably disrupt a Nixon-Chou dialogue and negate the long and patient maneuvering to achieve a working relationship—a more important and less fathomable question looms. What of the Soviet Union? It is a far more formidable force in world affairs than China, and it must distrust any degree of Sino-American cooperation. The main motivation for China's new out-

ductions in Europe? With Chou scheduled to visit several Balkan countries, including Rumania, Yugoslavia and Albania, this fall, Moscow is expected to demand more discipline from its Eastern satellites so as to discourage any new drift toward China. The U.S. move may thus inadvertently make life tougher for some of the most independent-minded Communist leaders.

Yet in the main arena, the Kremlin's more practical and progressive leaders are expected to win out. Rather than withdraw and isolate itself as China did, the U.S.S.R. will probably resume its peace offensive and compete for influence in the West. These Soviet leaders consider arms limitations too advantageous to pass up. Besides, they have no desire to antagonize both China and the U.S. For them, the pos-

sible own backyard, Japan is still wary of its huge neighbor—and, in part, held back from more contacts with China by U.S. pressure. The Japanese government will only be able to look wistfully at the sight of a U.S. President in Peking, when leftist agitation makes it almost impossible for one to visit otherwise far friendlier Tokyo.

What does China gain from all this? A great deal, at little cost to itself. Certainly, Peking acquires a new aura as a skillful operator in world affairs, new strength and leverage in dealing with the Soviet Union. Chairman Mao, at 77 an aging revolutionary with limited years of power remaining, may be on the verge of a final ambition: to unite Taiwan and the mainland once more.

And what does Nixon stand to gain? At least an additional passage in the history books of this century. Conceivably a lasting reputation as the man who managed to help establish "a generation of peace." For the present, he has restored a sense of diplomatic initiative to the U.S. and won for himself greater freedom of maneuver by making it far harder for domestic war critics to attack him before the Peking trip. It could all blow up in disillusionment: the drastic shifting of international prisms could lead to a world even more out of balance and prone to conflict. But barring that possibility, Nixon has clearly improved his re-election chances. If he ends the war, as he promises—and scores even wider success in foreign affairs—he will have largely offset a generally poor performance in attacking the less spectacular problems of day-by-day life at home.

The View at Home

Most of the domestic response to Nixon's announcement last week was highly favorable. "I'm astounded, delighted and happy," said unusually ebullient Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield. "I applaud the President's imagination and judgment," declared one of Nixon's most persistent critics, Democratic Presidential Contender George McGovern. Republicans generally were just as enthusiastic. Senate Republican Whip Robert P. Griffin called the plan "a stunning and hopeful development." Only a few conservatives raised any initial protest. Colorado Republican Peter Dominick termed it a "disaster" and attacked summarily: "Roosevelt did it and we had Yalta; Kennedy did it and we had the Berlin Wall and Cuban missile crisis." Columnist William Buckley Jr. complained that "F.D.R. would have hesitated to go to Berlin to wine and dine with Adolf Hitler—but we are about to do that, and all the liberals who can't stand the Greek colonels are jumping for joy." The Rev. Carl McIntire, far-right chairman of the Viet Nam "March for Victory" committee, charged that Nixon "has abandoned all moral principles—it is like God and the devil having a high-level meeting."

Obviously some U.S. conservatives

ward diplomatic push seems to be its desire to join the big-power chess game and check its glowering Communist neighbor, which last week made its naval presence known in the Indian Ocean by sending a warship into Singapore's harbor. The most evident thing that the U.S. is giving China is big-power status—well before it has developed the economy, technology or political muscle to merit it.

Kremlinologists are certain that Moscow factions are at odds over how to respond to Nixon's long reach toward the East. The hard-liners, it is felt, are arguing that the U.S. has shown its true colors, cannot be trusted, so why seek Soviet-American agreements on strategic arms or accommodations with the West on Berlin or mutual troop re-

sibility of an eventual two-front war is unthinkable. The first real sign of which way the U.S.S.R. will go may come in the resumed SALT talks. An intriguing side issue is how long Peking can continue to accuse Moscow of cozying up to the U.S., while claiming for itself the role of the only pure Marxist foe of American imperialism. The Washington-Peking rapprochement may well disillusion the New Left everywhere; this could benefit Moscow in its ideological competition with Peking.

The impact on Japan is also a weighty U.S. consideration. While Japan's largest daily, *Asahi Shimbun*, called the Nixon trip "the diplomatic coup of the century," the Sato government was stunned that it had not been consulted by its friends on a matter so vital to its

NIXON & KISSINGER AT WESTERN WHITE HOUSE
The benefits could be political, but the motive was unassailable.

will fight a vocal rear-guard action for Chiang Kai-shek. Ironically, the announcement of the Nixon-Chou meeting came during what Chiang's supporters in the U.S. had designated "Free China Week." But Nixon's anti-Communist credentials make him far less vulnerable than a liberal Democratic President would be. Besides, conservative critics of Nixon's move will probably have no practical outlet for their political frustrations. Apart from their total inexperience on the international scene, neither Ronald Reagan nor George Wallace could hope to challenge a Nixon who has settled or seems about to settle the war—and has in the past befriended countless conservatives on the issues of school integration and law-and-order. Some politicians do believe, however, that Vice President Spiro Agnew has been strengthened by Nixon's move. He tends to protect Nixon's right flank; he spoke out bluntly against Ping Pong diplomacy in April. Dumping him could hurt Nixon still more on the right, causing some in that constituency to sit out the election.

Why Nixon Acted

Nixon, the old Communist baiter, may yet do more than any other U.S. leader to rid the U.S. of an obsessive and restrictive fear of Communism. His motive was unavailable, whatever the personal political benefits. He perhaps expressed it best in a recent briefing of newspaper editors in Kansas City, China, Nixon argued, will one day be "an enormous economic power," and its continued isolation from international dialogue must be ended before it becomes a threat to peace. The Soviet Union cannot reach out to China now, Nixon said, "because of differences that at the present time seem to be irreconcilable; we were the only other power that could take those steps." Nixon also looked 15 or 20 years into the future: "Mainland China, outside the world community, completely isolated, with its leaders not in communication with world leaders, would be a danger to the whole world that would be unacceptable to us and unacceptable to others as well."

More personally, Nixon has recently talked often to his staff about how Chinese-American communities on the West Coast of the U.S. lifted themselves from poverty and were law-abiding. He speaks of the Chinese as the most "creative, industrious" people of Asia, and claims that those in mainland China will one day furnish a huge "reservoir of talent" for an "era of peace." Yes, they are Communists and therefore still adversaries—but that no longer seems an overriding or irredeemable fault to Richard Nixon. One of the lasting benefits of his imaginative odyssey to the Orient could be the assertion of an urgent truth: ideology is becoming less important than the need of the world's billions to live peaceably in an age when so many could die so swiftly.

THE WAR

The Families Are Frantic

With each hint of progress in the Viet Nam negotiations, there comes a special quickening of hope for several thousand Americans, the families of 1,600 military men missing or imprisoned in Southeast Asia. For them, the maneuverings of international diplomacy—be they new proposals from the North Vietnamese or the prospect of a peace-making presidential visit to China—are translated into a single, very personal reality: the fate of a husband, son, father or brother.

For years the families were largely ignored in the clamor of a widening war. Then, with the decision to withdraw from Indochina, release of the prisoners became a major issue. After an unsuccessful rescue raid on a deserted prison camp at Son Tay last November, the families closed ranks behind the Nixon Administration's insistence that freeing the P.O.W.s was the necessary first item for negotiating a peace in Southeast Asia. But since then, disenchantment and frustration have somewhat eroded the President's support among P.O.W. wives and parents. Following Hanoi's latest proposal, which seemingly offers release of the men imprisoned in North and South Viet Nam in return for total U.S. withdrawal by year's end, a split is developing among the families. To the anguish of both sides, it is close to dividing them on the means to their basic goal: bringing the men home.

Splitter Groups. In May, a new group was formed by families who consider Administration policy toward prisoners an excuse for prolonging the war. P.O.W.-M.I.A. (Missing-in-Action) Families for Immediate Release—who count some 300 relatives among the supporters of their stance—called a press conference in Washington to demand that the President set a definite withdrawal date in exchange for the release of the prisoners. The group's organizer, Mrs. Harold Kushner of Danville, Va., charged the Administration with "using the prisoner issue to buy time for the South Vietnamese government." Another member was more blunt. Said Mrs. Louis F. Jones: "They cannot use my husband to spread the blood of 45 young men a week on Viet Nam."

Another rare public expression of discontent came in a letter last week to President Nixon. Signed by the relatives of six prisoners, the letter urged Nixon not to reject Hanoi's offer in order to ensure the survival of the Saigon government: "We fear that we will spend years chasing the light at the end of the tunnel, while for our men in the prison camps, one by one the light will go out forever."

The largest organization of prisoner families, the National League of Families of P.O.W.s/M.I.A. has likewise felt the shift in attitude. The league has long guarded its political neutrality, but



MRS. JAMES STOCKDALE



MRS. HAROLD KUSHNER & CHILDREN
Caught in the middle of a national debate.

there are pressures for the organization to take a public position on the negotiations. One league official predicts the formation of splinter groups at the league's convention in September. The meeting, the official concedes, is likely to be a stormy one. Mrs. James Stockdale of Branford, Conn., league founder, acknowledges "a tremendous divergence of opinions." Says Mrs. Stockdale: "There is the whole range—from immediate withdrawal to trust the President." But as time goes on our frustration grows. The families are frantic."

The Administration's cool response to North Viet Nam's most recent proposals has reinforced disaffection with Nixon's policy. Says Mrs. Daniel Glenn of Jacksonville, wife of a Navy pilot shot down four days before Christmas 1966: "All along the President has been hiding under the shield of bringing the men back. Now that there's an opportunity to do so, he's shirking it." Mrs. Robert Fuller, also of Jacksonville, has another view of Administration reaction to demands for a withdrawal date: "I think I would begin to resent the P.O.W.s very much if I had an 18-year-old son who was just saying goodbye. This is why I resent the President giving the people the attitude that the U.S. is still there because of the P.O.W.s. It sort of puts us in the middle."

Support for One President. Nixon's policy is still strong, however. Says Mrs. George Brooks of Newburgh, N.Y.: "I have gone with the Administration right along, and I still am with the Administration." Adds Mrs. Richard Bolden of Downers Grove, Ill.: "We have one President and he is head of the country and has access to most of the knowledge. I have faith."

Through the years of uncertainty about the fate of the men, the families have developed a diplomat's sensitivity to the nuances of negotiating plays. While the majority views Hanoi's latest offer with sad skepticism, the wariness has begun to extend to the public statements of American officials. Republican National Committee Chairman Robert Dole's recent statement that there were "just" 1,600 men missing in Indochina sent shock waves through the tightly knit family organizations, as did Secretary of State William Rogers' insistence that the U.S. "can't absolutely abandon our national objectives to pay ransom." The deferential briefings from Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger and Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird are recalled by some with bitterness. How many P.O.W. families share the disenchantment is impossible to determine. But Mrs. Fuller voices a biting new version of the briefings: "Now that I know about 'orchestration' and 'crescendo' and all those beautiful words they use for war—which makes you think you should hear violins instead of tears—I begin to get the feeling lately that I'm in the middle of a scenario, and the President is leading it with a baton."

THE ECONOMY

Overriding Issue

If Richard Nixon's China initiative hastens the end to the war and removes Viet Nam as an issue in the 1972 campaign, the election could turn on the President's overriding domestic problem: the economy. The polls and the politicians say that the economy is the voters' No. 1 worry on the home front, and that people are displeased with the way the President is handling the twin troubles of unemployment and inflation. Labor unionists, feeling particularly victimized by rising prices, are using their ultimate weapon to force fat wage increases. Last week half a million telephone and railroad workers marched out on strike. Last week, too, labor chiefs and leading Democrats



GEORGE MEANY
Thunder against recession.

sharply stepped up their offensive against Nixon's economic policies and spelled out more explicitly than ever their programs for change.

Mills' Medicine. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany went on *Meet the Press* and called for immediate wage and price controls. Next day Meany stood before 600 cheering unionists at a Washington conference and thundered that Nixon "has piled recession on top of inflation, and he has dumped the double burden squarely on the shoulders of the American people." With equal passion, the charges were echoed by a succession of speakers at the meeting, including Speaker of the House Carl Albert, Washington Senator Henry Jackson, Public Employees Union Chief Jerry Wurf and four other A.F.L.-C.I.O. vice presidents.

House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills was more severely critical than ever before. "The economic policies of this Administration are failing," he told an audience in Ogden, Utah. "I

agree with neither the conclusions reached by the economic spokesmen of the Administration nor the medicine that they are proposing." Then, in general form, Mills prescribed his own remedy: some controls on wages and prices, plus a ceiling on federal spending. Mills would also reduce income taxes primarily for people in low-income brackets and restore investment tax credits (of an undisclosed amount) to stimulate businessmen's sluggish spending on plants and equipment.

Critical Point. Some of Nixon's closest advisers also had words for the President. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, Nixon's former counselor and economic mentor, has long been urging him to take a more activist stand against inflation and set up a wage-price review board. Last week the Federal Reserve Board raised the discount rate from 4½% to 5% and said that its money-tightening move "reflected the board's concern over the continuation of substantial cost-push inflation in the economy."

Republican politicians were deeply worried not only about inflation but also about the fact that 5,500,000 able-bodied Americans are out of work. William Rentschler, who directed the Nixon campaign in Illinois in 1968, wrote the President last week that Republican politicians in his state are in "serious jeopardy" because of the economy. Unemployment and inflation are not only hurting the blacks and blue-collar workers, but cutting dangerously into Nixon's prime constituency. Rentschler cited farmers who are crying about a cost-price squeeze and middle-income executives who are being thrown out of jobs.

In public, the President's lieutenants radiated cheer as usual. Treasury Secretary John Connally proudly pointed to a host of newly released statistics as proof that the economy shows "great and broad strength." In the second quarter, the gross national product rose by \$19.7 billion, compared with \$32.4 billion in the first quarter, a figure that was artificially heightened by the rebound from the General Motors strike. The overall rate of inflation was 4.2%, down from 5.3% in the first quarter. Personal income in June jumped at an annual rate of \$20.2 billion. On closer inspection, however, the figures did not show a return to productive boom or price stability. The Administration had hoped for a G.N.P. rise of \$30 billion in the second quarter, and after adjusting for price increases, the economy's real growth rate was a fairly modest 3.6%—not enough to put many people back to work.

As for personal income, almost all the gain was the result of a one-shot increase in Social Security benefits retroactive to Jan. 1. Consumers are still cautious about spending their money, and they are saving it at near record levels (see BUSINESS). The recovery from last year's recession remains the lowest and slowest of any since World War II.

The President moved on one front

last week when he signed an emergency employment act authorizing \$2.25 billion in federal funding for the states and local governments to provide 150,000 to 200,000 jobs in health, education and other public services. The measure was a compromise: Nixon had vetoed a more ambitious public service work bill last year.

Rejecting Pleas. Beyond that, the President seems determined to wait out his critics. Most leading economists and many profit-squeezed businessmen urge him to declare wage-price guidelines. Many labor leaders would welcome such guidelines as a means to keep unreasonable demands from the rank and file in check—provided that there would also be some limitation on profits, dividends and rents. But the President is unmoved. He has condemned guidelines as a first step leading inexorably to wage-price controls, which he deems unwieldy and unworkable. He has also rejected the pleas of Democrats for tax cuts and large increases in federal outlays, fearing that those would further fuel inflation.

Instead, Nixon seems willing to 1) accept high unemployment in hopes that it will ultimately curb inflation and 2) reject big spending in hopes that the money that the Federal Reserve Board pumped generously into the economy earlier this year will ultimately pep up the economy. That is the passive policy laid down by Nixon's most influential economic adviser, Budget Boss George Shultz. If he is right, the President may be able to turn the biggest issue of 1972 to his own advantage. But if he is wrong, Shultz will be remembered as the Walt Rostow of Nixon's economic policy.

CONGRESS

The Unblinking Eye of CBS

The House of Representatives last week stared into the cold electronic eye of CBS—and blinked. It refused to follow a committee recommendation that CBS and its president, Frank Stanton, be cited for contempt of Congress (TIME, July 5). While many hailed the action as a principled and ringing affirmation of freedom of the press, it was more a case of politicians looking after their own self-interests.

CBS had flatly declined to comply with a House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee subpoena ordering the network to present its complete film files, including material not broadcast, for its production of the controversial documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon*. The committee contended that television stations, unlike newspapers, are licensed and regulated by Government, and thus it had a right to examine CBS editorial practices to protect the public against deception. No House historian could recall that body ever before refusing to go along with a committee that recommended a contempt citation, although no news-gathering organization had previously been

the object of such a citation attempt. The 226-to-181 House vote averted an eventual court test of whether Congress would have violated the First Amendment had it cited CBS.

Deceit and Fraud. The leadership of both parties as well as the chairmen of six committees broke congressional protocol by voting against the Commerce Committee's contempt proposal, thus humiliating the committee chairman, West Virginia Democrat Harley O. Staggers. Some of the leaders publicly claimed that they had acted to protect the press. "I don't condone the deceit and fraud of CBS in this documentary," said Republican Leader Gerald Ford, "but I had to weigh that on the scale of the overriding issue of freedom of the press." Actually, Republican leaders did not relish the thought of the Nixon Admin-



REPRESENTATIVE STAGGERS

"Selling of the Pentagon": No Sale.

istration's Justice Department having to prosecute CBS in a sensational trial with elections approaching.

But the dominant reason for the vote was that CBS had conducted an all-out lobbying campaign against the citation, skillfully using executives of its local affiliates to urge Congressmen from their areas to vote against it. That kind of pressure was effective. While few Congressmen have any great affection for the press, and especially television, they rely on local TV interviews and news clips—particularly the linking of their names with announcements of new federal projects in their districts—to impress their constituents.

The real sentiment of the House may have been expressed by one leader, who claimed that if the vote had been secret it would have gone about 5 to 1 against CBS. Asked if he thought CBS executives had "learned any lesson" in their clash with the House, Staggers replied bitterly: "Yes—that they have power."

Rebellion in the House

For years the House Foreign Affairs Committee, unlike its more visible counterpart in the Senate, has seemed more like a branch of the State Department than an independent representative of Congress. Said one influential member: "The first question that used to be asked in this committee was: Why are we doing this? The Administration didn't ask for it."

After such a long career of institutional obsequiousness, it came as a particular surprise when the committee last week voted to cut off aid to two dictatorships, those of Greece and Pakistan. In both cases two Administrations have weaved and waffled along an uncertain policy line, finally deciding that although the actions of the two regimes were repugnant, U.S. strategic interests argued continued aid.

After Greece was placed under military dictatorship in 1967, the U.S. stopped delivery of all heavy military equipment, such as tanks and field guns. Believing that it had received verbal assurances that the colonels in charge would restore some of the nation's freedoms, however, the Nixon Administration last September formally lifted the embargo on heavy arms and asked Congress this year for nearly \$118 million in new aid. Though it was still not happy with the junta's internal policies, Greece remained vital to NATO's southern flank and to the Sixth Fleet, newly challenged by the Soviet navy.

Friendly Persuasion. The Greek government has since made clear that it has no intention of restoring democracy any time soon. Earlier this year investigators from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee concluded that "the policy of friendly persuasion has clearly failed. Indeed, the regime seems to have been able to exert more leverage on us than we have been willing to exert on the regime." Worse still was the fact that American assistance, particularly after the resumption of full aid in September, was looked upon by the Greek people as American support of one of the world's nastier regimes.

In Pakistan, the actions of the regime make the Greek colonels look like benevolent despots. To keep its Eastern half from seceding, the government has murdered countless thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of its own citizens and has assiduously sought to destroy the East's ancient Bengali culture. The White House still asked Congress to appropriate nearly \$132 million in aid to Pakistan in the new fiscal year, in effect, says Democratic Representative Cornelius Gallagher, "subsidizing slaughter and spreading pestilence." (Not affected by the committee's vote is \$100 million in direct emergency aid for the civil war's victims.)

In neither case is the committee's action absolute, even if approved by the House and the Senate. The President can restore aid to Greece—at the

lower level of last year—if he tells Congress in writing that aid is an “overriding requirement” of U.S. national security. To receive its allotment, Pakistan will have to assure reasonable stability in the East and provide security for the millions of refugees who have fled to neighboring India.

Tie the Giver. Though the outcome in the House is by no means certain, President Nixon has now been bluntly told that he can no longer count on a docile House Foreign Affairs Committee as counterpoise to the often rebellious Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Members of the House are increasingly aware that the strings of foreign aid tie the giver as well as the receiver.

Indeed, the committee's action underlines a basic dilemma of the whole aid program. Both by giving and withdrawing aid, the U.S. in a sense meddles in a country's internal affairs. By denying aid to a government it disapproves of, the U.S. opens itself to accusations that its policy is too “moralistic”; moreover, often a regime thus pressured only turns more obdurate. That in fact was the immediate reaction of the Greek government, which, in almost comical absurdity, compared itself to the Athenians standing against the night of Persia.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY On the Road with Agnew

With stops in Spain, Morocco and Portugal this week, Vice President Spiro Agnew will wind up his 32-day, tenation tour of Asia, Africa and Europe. TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey has been with the Vice President all the way. From the Congo, he sent the following assessment:

At Seoul, his first official stop, Spiro Agnew firmly planted his foot on the platform of his slow-moving, flag-embellized Jeep, and hung on tight. The determination was unmistakable and prophetic. On this, his third official trip abroad, the Vice President was clearly determined to resist his well-known proclivity for putting his foot in his mouth. The result has been a mission free of serious or even amusing gaffes like the Philippines miscue in 1969, when Agnew nearly sat on President Marcos.

Agnew abroad is dignified, correct and, above all, distant, the gracious teatime and dinner companion of potentates and princes, ministers and maharajahs. Tall and tanned, he is meticulous to the point of having every last hair in place, even after stepping out of a minor gale. He has done his homework. In private talks and ceremonial functions, Agnew, from all available evidence, has performed flawlessly. Perhaps too flawlessly.

No Contact. Unlike traveling Vice Presidents Hubert Humphrey and Lyndon Johnson before him, Agnew scrupulously avoids contact with all but the rulers of the countries he visits. The ex-

planation offered by his aides and Agnew himself is that it is not his style to plunge into crowds or conduct foreign diplomacy in a manner that accommodates “dramatic television pictures.”

A more compelling impression is that of a VIP who feels it beneath his dignity to display any warmth or interest in ordinary people. For six days, Agnew enjoyed the plush appointments of Seoul's Chosun Hotel, emerging only for ceremonial functions or to play golf and tennis. One day when it rained, he ordered a Ping Pong table sent up to his room. He visited no American soldiers, Korean hospitals, schools, marketplaces or housing projects. In Singapore, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Ethiopia, the routine was essentially the same. In Kenya, Agnew visited the Treetops wild-game preserve, conferred briefly with President Jomo Kenyatta, later lunched with him and his ministers, and golfed.

Agnew's relations with the press



AGNEW IN THE CONGO
Every hair in place on a palace tour.

have done little to soften his austere image. Indeed, he and his staff have shown little more than an icy tolerance for either the traveling press contingent or native journalists. During an airborne press conference, the Vice President accused the American press of a Communist bias. As a result, foreign press coverage has frequently been less than flattering. The Kuwait *Times*, in an editorial titled “An Odd Experience with American Courtesy,” complained that Agnew was making only a “palace visit,” and that “to the masses, and ironically enough, for the local pressmen too, the visit might as well have taken place in some distant corner of the earth.” Similarly, the *Daily Nation* in Nairobi complained of unprecedented security “to keep photographers and newsmen away from the visiting VIPs.”

When he allows himself to relax, as

he did at Treetops, Agnew has occasionally displayed more charm and wit than he is given credit for. “A finesse that the United Nations would be proud of,” he observed of the various animals taking turns at a salt lick.

Perhaps more indicative of Agnew's attitude was his admiration of the large animals he saw in Africa. “That rhinoceros,” he noted. “Nobody fools around with him.” Then, spotting a water buffalo, he commented: “There's a mean buffalo. No one tries to move him around.” Agnew, after 2½ years in office, is still bent on proving that, like the animals he admires, he will not be pushed around.

POLITICS

The First Casualty

Harold Hughes raised the flag and no one saluted. Last week the U.S. Senator from Iowa accepted the obvious, announcing he had made a “clear-cut and irrevocable” decision not to seek the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination. A long shot in an already crowded field, Hughes became the first casualty of the politics of '72.

Hughes, 49, never formally announced his candidacy, but there were some who thought he just might catch on in the lackluster field of Democratic hopefuls. Big, broad-shouldered and ruggedly handsome, with a deep bass voice and the oratorical gifts to go along with it, he seemed a natural. Moreover, his sincerity and concern were genuine.

Séances. A reformed alcoholic gone on to the Governor's mansion and the Senate, Hughes never got off the ground as a presidential candidate. His Gallup poll rating was 2%, and even this meager rating was suspect since he is often confused with Tycoon Howard Hughes.

But the crucial blow may well have been Hughes' unusual beliefs, which in recent months have become a matter of increasing press scrutiny. Hughes is a Methodist lay minister who believes in faith healing, extrasensory perception and spiritualism. He has attended séances, and believes that at one of them he was able to communicate with the spirit of a brother killed in an automobile accident. Hughes intimates knew that the end was near when the Senator consented to a long newspaper interview two weeks ago that explored his beliefs.

Hughes' withdrawal will have minimum impact on the campaign because he has such a small estate to divide. Taken almost as lightly is the candidacy, announced late last week, of Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris. Harris' most valid claim to the position is that he presided, none too successfully, over the Democratic National Committee in the darkest days after 1968. But he has no real strength on the national stage and is in political hot water in his home state.

Still, Harris was included when cur-



SENATOR HUGHES
Accepting the obvious.

rent National Committee Chairman Larry O'Brien last week called together the other candidates to hammer out primary spending limitations. The party is still \$9.3 million in debt from '68, and all the hopefuls are suffering from money troubles. There is also the danger of the candidates exhausting themselves campaigning and cutting one another up in public to Nixon's ultimate profit. Such harsh realities undoubtedly aided the group in reaching an agreement to limit TV and radio spending to 5c per 1968 registered voter (Democrat and Republican) in each of the primary states, or a total of \$2.8 million per candidate for all the 20-plus primaries looming ahead. How many of the Democratic hopefuls can raise that much remains to be seen.

NEW YORK

Scattering the Pigeons

Once, in a blushing euphemism, they were known as "ladies of the night." Today they are called hookers, and in Manhattan, at any rate, their activities are not confined to the dark hours. Both in broad daylight and the neon night, they flash the pink, orange and purple hot pants of the Aquarian Age, not to mention the high boots that were once a specialty of their profession and are now merely fashionable. In the spring they sprout from the sidewalks, squawking, cackling and ogling potential customers, fanning out from the hawd-walk they have made Times Square.

This year New York's prostitutes seemed particularly blatant. Growing numbers of businessmen, tourists and residents have complained of being verbally and sometimes physically harassed. Earlier this year a man was murdered by hookers outside the Hilton Hotel when he shunned their advances. Another, a former West German Cabinet member, was robbed by a team of girls.

Pimp Squad. In retaliation two weeks ago, a judge in the city's criminal court took the unprecedented action of holding two alleged hookers without bail, explaining that "the midtown area was inundated with prostitution." The girls received some unexpected support: Women's Liberationists quickly picketed the courthouse, protesting female exploitation. But the resultant publicity could not have been better for Mayor John Lindsay, who was at the same time launching the city's ritual annual crackdown on the sidewalk sirens.

With customary *elan*, the police joined the fray. Captain Daniel McGowan of the Public Morals Task Force was assigned to the new post of "Director of Prostitution Control." Patrols in the area were beefed up with plainclothesmen

horrified from the gambling detail and men of the mobile Tactical Patrol Force, many armed with cameras to capture the girls in the act of soliciting. There were also efforts to discourage, through arrests, the live sex shows that complement the streetside spectacle, and some talk, mostly just that, of prosecuting "Johns," as the girls call their customers. Finally, the police established a special "pimp squad" to tackle the problem at one of its sources. Faced with harassment from all sides, the birds took flight.

Tide of Nature. Many of the more affluent—some of the girls make an estimated \$300 and up a day—set off for the healthier climes of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Atlanta. Others began testing the more gentle currents of Manhattan's East Side. A goodly number simply stayed home in bed, enjoying the holiday.

The results were briefly miraculous. For all of two days last week, New Yorkers were treated to the rare sight of a virtually hookerless Times Square. Gone also were the "pimpobiles," the gaudy cars of the girls' "managers." The place seemed eerily empty and colorless. Even more curious was the situation in the courts. For the first time in 15 years, a day passed without a single arraignment for prostitution. "We usually have 75 to 80 prostitutes in here every day," said an unbelieving court clerk. "Today we had none."

The crackdown, all agreed, was the most spectacular in recent years. Newspapers had a field day. Reformers experienced the self-righteous glow of success. But like most efforts to stem the tide of human nature and commerce, the effort was ultimately doomed. By week's end many of the girls were back at their posts, dodging police patrols with gazelle-like speed, if not grace, and immersed once more in their work.

NEW YORK PROSTITUTES: A BUMPTIOUS & BUSY CROWD AROUND TIMES SQUARE



South Viet Nam: Two Against Thieu

CAMPAIGNING for South Viet Nam's October elections is not supposed to begin until September. But last week the politicking was under way in earnest. In near-simultaneous attacks, President Nguyen Van Thieu's two chief rivals, feisty Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky and phlegmatic retired Four-Star General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, both charged that the election itself is being shamelessly rigged.

Ky's salvo was fired in the form of an open letter to the President. Announcing a formal break with Thieu—a somewhat superfluous gesture since the two have been coolly ignoring one another for months—Ky blasted the President for mirroring the country in a "war with no end" and "preferring the flatteries of sycophants to honest counsel." But Ky's main complaint was that Thieu had "an excessive attachment to power" and was already working to put the elections in his pocket by "silencing the opposition and muzzling the press."

Blank Ballots. Thieu, in an open letter of his own, dismissed Ky's charges as merely "part of the Vice President's electoral campaign." Then Big Minh piped up. The popular general agreed that there was "some truth in what Ky says," and went on to blast the U.S. embassy for masterminding the rigging of the election despite its professed hands-off policy. U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, he jeered, "is a great specialist in elections of this type. He succeeded in the Dominican Republic; he succeeded in Viet Nam in 1967, and he will succeed again in October."

Although Ky has already declared, neither he nor Minh is an official candidate yet. Under a new, Thieu-spon-



BUNKER & THIEU

An attachment to power.

sored election law, ostensibly designed to cut down on the number of frivolous candidates, presidential hopefuls must collect endorsements from 40 of the 190 or so National Assembly members, or from 100 of the country's some 550 provincial councilmen. There were reports that Minh had collected at least 40 signatures from Assembly members by early last week, but was planning to wait until just before the Aug. 4 deadline before declaring his candidacy.

Ky is having much more difficulty rounding up his endorsements because he is going after the provincial councilmen, all of whom are beholden to Thieu-appointed province chiefs. If Ky is shut out of the race, the current Saigon speculation goes, he will throw his support to Minh just before the election. Another possibility is that both Ky and Minh will pull out at the last minute, leaving Thieu a hollow victory.

Thieu is reportedly preparing a counterstrategy. According to the opposition, Thieu-appointed province chiefs have been asked to sign blank nomination ballots. Later on, if a couple of candidates are needed to make the presidential race at least look like a contest, their names could be filled in.

Oblique Endorsement. At the moment, Thieu's most serious rival is Big Minh. The hefty (200 lbs., almost 6 ft.) ex-general is popular, a Buddhist, a Southerner—and a bit of a question mark. In 1963, after Minh led the generals' coup that toppled the Diem regime, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge wondered in a cable to Washington: "Will he be strong enough to get on top of things?" He was not, and by 1964 he was ousted in another coup and subsequently exiled to Bangkok for nearly four years by a more forceful rival for power, General Nguyen Khanh.

Though a professed anti-Communist, Minh has long tried to present himself as a moderate who could lead a future government of national reconciliation. His prospects—and Ky's, too, perhaps—may well have been strengthened by the stunning announcement of Richard Nixon's planned trip to Peking, which enhances the plausibility of Minh's conciliatory position. Moreover, many observers see in the latest Communist signals in Paris an oblique endorsement of Minh as a man whom both Hanoi and the National Liberation Front would be willing to live with, at least for a while. As yet, Minh is not saying whether he would be willing to live with the N.L.F.—perhaps because it could get him arrested for treason. "It is too early to talk of my program now," Minh told TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud in an interview in his modern Saigon villa last week. "If I were to say I favor a coalition government, I might find

* Where Bunker's skillful diplomacy during the crisis of 1965-66 cooled passions and opened the way for the election of a moderate President, Joaquin Balaguer.

BIG MINH



"You're a mess!"



VICE PRESIDENT KY



They've looked at others. But this one's for them.

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myself in exile in Bangkok again." During his 90-minute talk, Minh made these other points:

THE CAMPAIGN. "The minimum standards for a free and fair election are these: no confiscation of newspapers, no arrests of people who campaign for me or Vice President Ky in the countryside, no switching of ballot boxes when they are collected and transported to the vote-counting center."

U.S. INVOLVEMENT IN THE ELECTION. "Unless Mr. Bunker says that no American equipment or resources, including planes and helicopters, can be used in the election, the American Government's so-called hands-off policy would, in reality, mean discrimination against me."

THE THIEU REGIME. "Many people tell me they think that even under the French we had more freedom than we do now—and we are a people who do not like colonialism. I'm not advocating a return to colonialism, but under the French, people could live on their salaries."

AFTER THE FIGHTING ENDS. "If we want to continue to fight, we will have to have economic, social and political progress as well . . . When the war is over, we will need the aid of the U.S. and other friendly countries. Our resources will be exhausted. Then we will face our greatest problem, and I hope the Americans will help. But whatever aid comes in should not be directed by the Americans. If it is, we would appear as a lackey in the world's eyes."

IF THIEU IS RE-ELECTED. "We cannot rule out the possibility of a coup. After all, it happened to me once. Especially if the elections are not free and honest, we should expect trouble. If I were a Communist, I would help President Thieu get re-elected."

MIDDLE EAST

Flybys and Superspies

Israel celebrated the 23rd birthday of its potent air force last week with flowery words and impressive flybys. The words came from the air force commander, General Mordechai Hod: "We breathe the air of the summit of Mt. Hermon, our wings trace the tranquil waters of Mirfatz Shlomo [Sharm el Sheikh] and the reaches of Sinai, and our jets embrace the skies of Jerusalem, which has become a united whole." Then at Hod's order came phalanxes of Phantoms, Skyhawks, Mirages, Mystères and Ouragans, of Sikorsky helicopters and Noratlas, Dakotas and Stratocruiser transports, and even of gnaflike Cessnas.

The only disappointing aspect of the display for Israelis was that it did not include more of the swift, dangerous U.S.-built Phantoms, the backbone of the air force. Israel has so far received approximately 85 Phantoms and lost nine in sorties over Sinai or in accidents. Last year it requested another 40 or so to keep its military power on a par with that of the Arabs.

The Administration has postponed a decision, partly because it sees the Mid-

dle East power balance differently from the Israelis, partly because it considers the Phantoms a useful lever for moving Israel into a Suez Canal agreement. The Phantom decision is still, so to speak, up in the air, but Jerusalem hopes for some progress when Assistant Secretary of State Joseph J. Sisco makes a scheduled visit this week. "We don't expect Sisco to come flying over in a flock of Phantoms," says a government official. "But we do hope that he will come with words of encouragement."

Arab Buildup. On the eve of Sisco's trip, pro-Israel politicians in the U.S. have been spreading alarmist reports about a significant buildup of Arab airpower. The Egyptians, according to Washington estimates, have received 100 MIGs since last September, in addition to 80 Mi-8 troop-carrying helicopters. Syria has got 30 MIGs, five Sukhoi-7 fighter-bombers and 22 helicopters. All together, there are now nearly 600 So-

viets discussed when Helms conferred with officials of Ha'Mossad, or "the Institution," the Israeli equivalent of the CIA:

► Soviet-flown MIG-23s, which can fly at 80,000 ft., an altitude that Phantoms cannot reach, are conducting intelligence missions out of Egyptian bases.

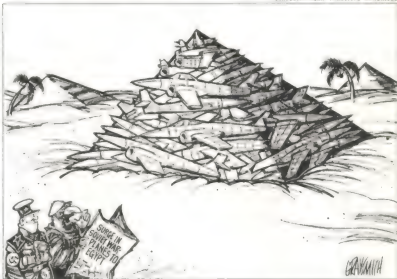
► Two electronics-crammed Russian "listening ships" have been stationed about 80 miles off the Israeli coast.

► Soviet radar installed on the ground in Egypt can monitor air routes over Syria, Lebanon, Israel and Jordan.

► Hundreds of Soviet intelligence experts are at work in Middle East evaluation centers in Cairo and Alexandria.

► Soviet agents are visiting Israel in increased numbers in the guise of tourists, journalists, European businessmen and even immigrating Jews.

The Russians are gathering information more openly than they once did: they are ready to risk more in order to



"A fine job of camouflage, comrade . . ."

viet-built planes in the area, some flown by Soviet pilots.

The Administration argues that Soviet plane figures look more formidable than they are. U.S. officials point out that while the Arabs have about a 6-to-1 advantage over Israel in planes, the Israelis have the edge in qualified pilots and able ground crews. Egypt lost so many pilots in the war of attrition that after Russian resupply it had four times as many jets as men to fly them. The Israelis fret nonetheless about the growing number of aircraft in Arab countries, and there are signs that they will not discuss a Suez agreement until there is some redressing of the balance.

Soviet Activity. If the weapons buildup is worrisome to Israel, the U.S. has shown concern over a marked buildup of Soviet intelligence activities in the Middle East. It was partly to investigate those activities that CIA Director Richard Helms recently visited Israel. Some

learn more. Helms and his hosts apparently came to no firm conclusions about the objectives of the current Soviet operation. But they did reach some decisions, including an Israeli agreement to provide facilities for U-2s and SR-71 U.S. spy planes.

It will be no surprise if Sisco, fresh from conferences with the National Security Council, makes less headway on the diplomatic front. His object is to probe for possible areas in which U.S.-sponsored discussions on reopening the Suez Canal can be continued.

In Cairo last week, State Department Middle East Specialists Donald C. Bergus and Michael Sterner received assurances from President Anwar Sadat that Egypt still wants the canal reopened—but on its own terms. Sisco is likely to hear much the same thing in Jerusalem. At present the Israelis are convinced that the talks are dead and that visits like Sisco's are merely cosmetics for a corpse.

Morocco: The Cracked Façade

SLOWLY, the Moroccan television cameras panned across a parade ground of the Moulay Ismail military barracks near Rabat. The scene was chilling: ten tall stakes driven into the ground at intervals, firing squads at the ready, and detachments of the Moroccan armed forces on hand as witnesses. Ten ranking officers—four generals, five colonels and a commandant—marched into view. Each was tied to a stake, each had his epaulettes and insignia ripped from his uniform. Just before the firing squads triggered their lethal volleys, home screens were deliberately blacked out. There were only sounds: the condemned men shouting "*Yaish el Hassan el Thani!*" (Long live King Hassan the Second) and chanting the Moslem act of faith, which begins "*La illaha illa Allah!*" (There is no God but God) just before they died. Then the crack of rifle fire, the angry shouts of onlookers. Before the picture returned, the

witnesses spat on the crumpled bodies of the rebels—the ultimate Arab insult.

In such electronic fashion did the current heir of Morocco's three-century-old Alaouite dynasty bring home a chilling lesson to his subjects: any who rebel against him will be shot, perhaps without trial. Only two days before their deaths last week, the condemned officers had led 1,400 army cadets in an abortive coup while Hassan and 500 guests celebrated the King's 42nd birthday at a seaside party (see box). The coup was put down in a matter of hours, and life quickly returned to normal in Morocco under the strong hand of General Mohammed Oufkir, 51, a tough, uncompromising Berber who is Hassan's Interior Minister and most loyal general. By week's end, Oufkir's men had reportedly arrested some 900 cadets.

Bewildered Cadets. The planning of the coup was, at best, amateurish. The plotters used green, bewildered army cadets. They neglected to block roads, close airports or persuade other units in Algeria's 45,000-man army to join them. Said Hassan in his post-coup press conference: "They took over the Ministry of Interior, but they forgot about police headquarters. They occupied the radio station, but forgot about the telegraph and post office. They used the radio transmitter that covers Rabat, but forgot the one in Tangiers." What is more, both Colonel Mohammed Ababou, director of the Abermoumou military academy and a mastermind of the plot, and General Mohammed Medbouh, the ostensible leader, were killed during the shootout at Skhirat, apparently by their own men.

When the coup attempt began and the rebels broadcast slogans like "Socialism has arrived—down with monarchy!" it appeared to be a standard, radical-inspired Arab upheaval. Certainly it had Libya's mercurial Colonel Muammar Gaddafi fooled. There is no evidence to indicate that Libya had any advance knowledge of the plot. Nonetheless, Gaddafi earned Hassan's enmity



SADAT & GADDAFI
A chilling lesson

by immediately offering ground, armor and air support to what he thought were his ideological brothers in Morocco. They were hardly that. Medbouh, 44, was a wealthy satrap, not a struggling junior officer as Gaddafi had been before Libya's 1969 coup. General Mustapha Amehrach, 48, overall head of the military academies, kept a villa in Rabat, a beach house by the sea, an apartment in Paris and two farms.

The only logical reason given for their action was that they had become disgusted by corruption in high places. Pan American Airways, according to Moroccan reports, complained that \$1,800,000 was demanded in payoffs before construction could begin on its Intercontinental Hotel in Casablanca. As a result of the airline's protest, the ministers of tourism, education, finance and commerce were sacked by the King. There have also been rumors of huge kickbacks in the sale of mineral con-

OBEISANCE TO HASSAN BEFORE SHOOTING



PARTY GUESTS FLEEING ALONG BEACH TO AVOID REBEL GUNFIRE



HASSAN & HUSSEIN AT FUNERAL OF LOYAL OFFICERS





AT MERSA MATRUH MEETING
in electronic fashion.

cessions. Led by the rigidly upright Medbouh, the rebellious officers presumably hoped to end corruption by making Hassan their captive and establishing a Moroccan republic with the King a mere figurehead to lend them authority.

After the attempt was foiled, Hassan scornfully described it as "undeveloped in the worst sense of the term—a Libyan-style coup with all its imperfections." But the King also admitted that there had been "a certain number of errors of judgment, some of which were mine." Morocco is expected to lure 1,000,000 tourists this year for the first time, and the gross national product has risen by 26% in four years. But the population has grown by 13% in the same period, university and high school graduates cannot find jobs, and the average per capita income is still a hardscrabble \$151. Since 1965, moreover, the King has dampened opposition and ruled the country as an absolute monarch. Ignoring criticism, Hassan lives in opulence in the midst of national poverty. At a party celebrating the circumcision of his eldest son, guests at the royal table discovered gold coins mixed into their food.

Fading Kings. Moroccans insist that Hassan, as a direct descendant of Mohammed, possesses *baraka*, or the indefinable charisma that brings blessings to others. But even that may not be enough in a changing Arab world where four other Kings—Farouk of Egypt, Feisal of Iraq, Badr of Yemen and Idris of Libya—have already been deposed. To many, the situation recalls Farouk's prediction before he fell in 1952: "Some day there will be only five Kings in the world—the King of England and the four in the deck of cards."

There are still three Kings in the Arab

Slaughter at the Summer Palace

In the attempted coup against the King of Morocco, the scene at his summer palace was one of sheer chaos. Only last week did a clear picture emerge as guests at the King's birthday party told their stories. Here, with an account pieced together by TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn:

It was the sort of day that has made Morocco a magnet for Western tourists. A hot sun blazed over Skhirat, where King Hassan II's rambling white summer palace is set amid oaks, poplars and eucalypti beside the Atlantic, and cooling breezes wafted in from the ocean. By Moslem custom, no women guests were present for the King's 42nd birthday party. But among the 500 male guests were ambassadors, generals and ministers. There were also the royal shirtnaker, shoemaker and tailor (all Italians), and four physicians (three French and one Austrian), who were in Morocco to give Hassan a checkup.

Many of the partygoers took a dip in the ocean or the King's pool. Some shot clay pigeons. The principal sporting event was a golf tournament: Hassan is such an ardent golfer that a 20-ft. birthday picture hanging in one of Rabat's main squares depicted him in golfing clothes. At the 18th hole, U.S. Ambassador Stuart W. Rockwell chatted with General Mohammed Medbouh, commander of the King's military household. "We are the only ones who take golf seriously," sniffed Medbouh.

A lavish buffet, which included lobster, smoked salmon, roast sheep and couscous, was laid out, along with champagne and mint tea. Hassan ate with his seven-year-old son, Crown Prince Sidi Mohammed, one of his five children, under a special canopy. Near by sat Habib Bourguiba Jr., son of Tunisia's President, Italian Ambassador Amedeo Guillet, who makes it a practice never to eat at midday, lounged on a Moroccan pouf reading *The Peter Principle*.

Suddenly a pop! pop! sound erupted near the palace gates. Most of the guests assumed it was firecrackers. Guillet, an ex-soldier, was one of the few who instantly recognized the sound as rifle fire. Like others, however, he dismissed it as a royal bodyguard's birthday salute. Then the holiday affair took a horrifying turn. Rockwell was strolling toward Hassan when he saw a guest in front of him topple to the floor, blood gushing from his leg. Hit by gunfire, a Moroccan man was spun around by the impact and fell against Guillet, leaving two sets of bloody fingerprints on the Italian envoy's shirt. As the man

slipped to the ground, his mouth gushed scarlet. He was dead.

Soon the rifle shots were augmented by mortar fire and grenade explosions. Panicky guests scattered from the open patio to the throne room or to the beach, but many were cut down by gunfire. A grenade landed at Hassan's feet: Bourguiba heroically picked it up and tossed it away, probably saving the King's life. Thirty truckloads of cadets in battle fatigues swarmed over the grounds and made guests lie down in the broiling sun.

In the confusion, Hassan slipped into the throne room and then into another room farther inside. There he dickered with General Medbouh, the nominal leader of the coup attempt. Minutes after that meeting, the general was shot, apparently accidentally, by one of his own guards.

Guests were pushed against a wall and shot by impromptu firing squads. The King's brother, Prince Moulay Abdullah, was hit in the arm during one such volley, then left by his would-be executioners when he fell and played dead. But it became evident that the King was meant to be spared. At one point cadets burst into his sanctuary and ordered him outside with the other surviving guests. A young soldier, nervously fingering the trigger of his rifle, took Hassan aside. Alone, he kissed the King's hand. Hassan was astounded. "We are cadets of the military school of Abermoumou," the young man explained. "We were told that there was a plot under way aimed at the King, that the royal palace had been occupied and that your august life was in danger. It was to save you that we entered the palace."

The battle shifted as suddenly as it had begun. Some cadets left the palace to seize installations in Rabat. Loyal soldiers arrived; outgunned, the remaining rebels surrendered. The bystanders stood up warily to survey a scene that had abruptly changed from carnival to carnage. In the 21-hour battle, 92 of the guests and royal household had been killed, including the three French doctors and Belgian Ambassador Marcel Dupret. In addition, 160 of the mutineers, including Medbouh, were dead and 133 people were wounded.

Hurrying back to Rabat to cable word of the event, diplomatic partygoers were stunned by the normalcy beyond the palace. Only a mile away, as the shaken guests sped by, grinning Moroccan fishermen stood beside the road, holding up their day's catch for sale.

continued on page 28

world alone, and the other two were quick to give Hassan moral support. Hussein of Jordan, who has survived at least nine assassination attempts, personally piloted a Royal Jordanian Airlines Boeing 707 to Rabat to participate in funeral services for 20 loyalist officers and men killed at Skhirat. Feisal of Saudi Arabia stayed home, but sent his Foreign Minister to Morocco.

Maghreb Neighbors. Hassan also received unaccustomed support from Arab socialist leaders, who might have been remembering an old Moroccan expression: "Kiss the hand that you cannot cut off." He was supported by Tunisia and even revolutionary Algeria, his neighbors in the Maghreb, the ancient Arab littoral of North Africa, whose members have formed associations for economic cooperation, tourism and culture. Algeria's President Houari Boumedienne not only telephoned the King but sent a delegate to express his good wishes.

But the persistent strains within the Arab world were also glaringly evident, and it is virtually certain that a summit meeting proposed for Algiers will have to be canceled. Observing angrily that Morocco and Libya were separated "by not only a desert of sand but by a desert of the intellect," Hassan placed a guard around the Libyan embassy. Gaddafi retaliated by breaking off diplomatic relations. Hassan, irritated by an early story in Cairo's *Al-Ahram* supporting the rebels, kept an Egyptian emissary cooling his heels in Rabat for two days before seeing him.

Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, anxious to maintain a reasonably united Arab front as the threat grows of a renewed war of attrition with Israel, sent his congratulations to Hassan on surviving the mutiny. He also flew to the western Egyptian town of Mersa Matruh to try to calm the excitable Gaddafi, whose caches of oil money and revolutionary zeal have begun to worry other Arabs. Gaddafi reportedly bankrolled the successful campaign of Malta's leftist political leader Dom Mintoff, who ran on an anti-NATO, anti-West platform. If the Libyan leader would do that for Malta, others fear, he might send paid provocateurs into conservative Arab countries, especially since Gaddafi sees himself as the successor to Gamal Abdel Nasser as leader of the Arab world.

Sadat's hopes of maintaining at least the façade of unity suffered another blow when Hussein's army began a new drive on Palestinian guerrillas camped at Jerash, 30 miles north of Amman. With tanks and artillery the army drove the guerrillas out of their last town into barren, waterless territory in the Jordan Valley. Displeased by the King's action, Sadat asked him to cancel a scheduled visit to Cairo this week because, he explained, Egyptian officialdom would simply be too busy celebrating the 19th anniversary of Farouk's fall to give Hussein the sort of welcome he deserved.

JAPAN

Nukes for Nippon?

Unlike recent junkets by other Administration officials, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's ten-day swing through Tokyo and Seoul seemed carefully calculated to be thoroughly unspectacular. Laird's message was the same for both allies: they could count on continued protection from the Seventh Fleet and the U.S. nuclear umbrella, but they would have to furnish "credible deterrence" on the ground themselves. Who could get upset over what amounted to yet another sales pitch for the Nixon Doctrine?

Certainly not the South Koreans. To be sure, they would like firmer guar-

The smoke rose from a background briefing that Pentagon Spokesman Jerry Friedheim conducted in Tokyo. In response to a question put to him by an American reporter after the briefing, Friedheim speculated that one place Japan might want to increase its microscopic defense budget (which currently accounts for less than 1% of its gross national product of close to \$200 billion) "could be in the area of ships." Friedheim also spoke of "a greater nuclear threat by the Chinese toward Asia." The spokesman's comments were innocent enough, but when they hit print, they were surrounded with speculation that Tokyo would soon build a vast fleet, go to work on an anti-ballistic mis-



LAIRD WITH JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER EISAKU SATO IN TOKYO

About as soothing as an eruption of Mount Fuji.

antees of U.S. support in the unlikely event that North Korea's Kim Il Sung decides to move from his pinprick attacks along the 38th parallel to an all-out assault. But they will be receiving some \$750 million from Washington over the next five years to modernize their 620,000-man military force—and to ease the pain of the withdrawal, possibly by 1975, of the 42,000 U.S. troops remaining on their soil.

Rising Smoke. To the Japanese, however, Laird's visit was about as soothing as an eruption of Mount Fuji. Laird's purpose was primarily to urge Japan to upgrade its armed forces—preferably with arms purchased in the U.S.—and to take a larger economic-aid role in Asia. But almost from the start of the Secretary's stay in Tokyo, U.S. officials were kept busy battling down dark rumors that the U.S. was dragging Japan into 1) taking over the role of the Seventh Fleet and 2) becoming the biggest nuclear arsenal west of Los Alamos. Few Japanese were convinced by the denials. As Japan's biggest daily, *Asahi Shimbun*, put it in an editorial cliché: "Where there is smoke, there must be fire."

sile system and, most astonishing of all, develop nuclear weapons.

The State Department and the Pentagon quickly protested. No one, said State, saw any "necessity or possibility" that Japan might have to become a nuclear power. "I was not asked the question," Laird complained. "It did not come up in our discussions." Then how did it come up? The Laird visit, Tivie learned, was deliberately used by the Japanese Defense Agency to raise the nuclear issue. For some time, Japanese strategists have worried over America's Asian withdrawal, the rise of China's nuclear capability, and the increasing presence of Soviet warships in the seas around Japan. Many of Japan's defense leaders (and a number of hawkish civilians) have agreed that Japan will need its own arsenal of tactical nuclear weapons by around 1980.

Seasoning Minds. There are no technological reasons why Japan cannot develop its own nukes. Nor are there any legal obstacles. Japan's celebrated "peace" constitution does not prohibit nuclear weapons, as long as they are defensive. Moreover, though the Japanese



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ing presented by imported Swiss Chef.

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have signed the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, they have yet to ratify it.

What does inhibit Japan, however, is the deep-seated "nuclear allergy" of its 103 million people. Some authorities in Tokyo want them to begin thinking about the unthinkable. Thus when Laird came to town, Japanese Defense Agency officials recruited sympathetic Western reporters to raise the nuclear issue, knowing that almost any reply would produce considerable fallout. It was, Japanese officials predict, only the first effort in a continuing campaign to "season the minds" of the Japanese public.

FRANCE

Boondogger's Bible

"Stuck in the back of his palace," Napoleon once remarked, "the Emperor can know only what people care to tell him. The Cour des Comptes will keep him informed." To check up on financial high jinks and bureaucratic boondoggery in his empire, Bonaparte in 1807 revived the medieval accounting court that had been abolished during the revolution.

The 68-member court is still at it, but the day is long past when its revelations could cost a flingher his job—or even his head. "Far be it from us to want to do a scalp dance around public officials," says one of the court's judges. Yet, as a measure of malfeasance in high places and low, the court's annual report, published in paperback last week for \$1.50, has become something of a boondogger's bible. The report names no names and initiates no punitive action, but the mere threat of publication has been known to bring straying functionaries back into line. If nothing else, the booklet serves to remind Frenchmen of the flimflamming—and foolishness—of their civil servants. Some of the cases cited this year:

► The Institut National Pédagogique purchased 3,000 scales for \$17 apiece. Had it ordered one more scale, i.e.,

3,001, it could have saved nearly a dollar on each.

► The Paris Opera, perennially pressed for money, has given away 20% of its better seats free over the past five years.

► High government officials issued first-class airplane tickets by their ministries have been cashing them in for economy seats and pocketing the difference.

► Two companies with contracts for missiles and jets forgot to reimburse the government more than \$1,000,000 that had been advanced to them. They suddenly remembered to do so when the court began probing.

► In 1959 a Pyrénées psychiatric hospital turned its 85 acres of farm land into a golf course so that patients could mingle with townspeople in a normal atmosphere. The hospital has since spent \$60,000 on the course and even put a pro on its payroll. But the only patients who ever appear on the course, the report notes, are there "to mow the greens and to caddy for the townspeople." In a spirited if not particularly compassionate defense, Senator Pierre Mailhe, who represents Hautes-Pyrénées in the French upper house and also happens to be president of the golf club, declared last week: "It is not the club's job to teach the patients how to play golf. If they don't know the rudiments of the game, they'll carve up the greens."

CARIBBEAN

Bay of Piglets Revisited

It was mocked as Britain's "Bay of Piglets," and one war correspondent called Fleet Street from the battlefield: "I say, chaps, the natives are friendly." That was two years ago, when then-Prime Minister Harold Wilson sent a company of paratroopers to capture the



PARATROOPERS LANDING ON ANGUILLA
The natives were friendly.

tiny (35 sq. mi.) West Indies island of Anguilla, a onetime possession cutting loose its British apron strings. The islanders had tried and rejected a British-sponsored association with the neighboring and more economically advanced islands of St. Kitts and Nevis; now they wanted to return to their colonial status. The British would not hear of it, so the plucky Anguillians, 6,000 strong, proclaimed their independence and severed all ties with the mother country. Gravely, Wilson launched "Operation Sheepskin" and sent in troops, later reinforced by 80 policemen. It was the domino theory, Whitehall solemnly insisted. If one territory were allowed to go its own way, all the rest would want to go theirs.

Britain Forever. The troops and hobbits never met any opposition—Anguilla's most formidable weapon is a barnacle-encrusted French cannon last used in 1796—but British forces have remained on Anguilla ever since the invasion. Their relationship with the locals has been happy. Last year, on the anniversary of Operation Sheepskin, the occupation forces solemnly judged sack races and high jumps at a field day while older Anguillians tucked up signs reading ST. KITTS NEVER—BRITAIN FOREVER. Prime Minister Edward Heath's Conservative government eventually came to the reluctant conclusion that the Anguillians simply would not accept an association with their neighbors, and that colonial status for an unspecified period was the best course for the island. Last week, without opposition, a bill was quietly introduced in Commons to make Anguilla a colony once again.



PATIENT (RIGHT) CADDYING AT PYRÉNÉES GOLF COURSE
Flimflamming and foolishness.



WORKERS AT CHILE'S EL TENIENTE COPPER MINE

The Andes: A Nationalist Surge

In the early 1960s, there was hope that the Alliance for Progress would help to solve the perennial problems of poverty and political instability in Latin America. But there was a shortage of funds—and of commitment—on both sides. In 1969, President Nixon all but declared that the Alliance was dead.

In the wake of those dashed hopes, a strong tide of nationalism has begun to flow. It is particularly apparent in three Andean nations: Chile, which last year elected its first Marxist President, and Peru and Bolivia, both ruled by army regimes. All three nations have made moves to break the hold of large American financial interests by nationalizing major industries. The result has frequently been to increase strains in U.S.-Latin relations.

Chile: Owner of the Future

When the Chilean Congress unanimously passed a constitutional amendment last week nationalizing the copper mines, the whole country went on an emotional tear. Newspapers, billboards and walls blossomed with the slogan: "Chile has put on its long pants! Finally the copper is ours."

President Salvador Allende proclaimed a Day of National Dignity and declared: "Now we will be the owners of our own future, truly the masters of our destiny." Chileans confidently predicted that under state management copper production will jump to 840,000 tons this year, compared with 640,000 tons in 1970, and the projection is not considered unrealistic.

The amendment will affect three large companies—Anaconda, Kennecott and Cerro Corp.—which have been partners with the Chilean government in the nation's five largest mines. (The government announced last week that it would also buy out the Chilean operations of the Bank of America and the Bank of London.)

Though copper

nationalization was clearly a victory for Allende, one he has sought ever since he began his quest for the presidency 19 years ago, he was not altogether happy with the law as passed. The President had wanted indemnification to be paid over 30 years at 3% un compounded interest. But Congress, narrowly controlled by the opposition, called for "no more" than 30 annual installments and "no less" than 3% interest, which leaves ample room for bitter dickering between government and the companies. The negotiations could very well send the cool relations between the U.S. and Chile to the freezing point.

Jockeying. There is already considerable disagreement over the value of the copper properties in Chile. The three companies claim that they have invested more than \$1 billion; the government-controlled Chilean State Copper Corp. has set the figure at \$724 million; and Allende, probably with tongue in cheek, puts it at \$80 million. Obviously, some jockeying for good bargaining positions is under way.

In an emotional speech last week, Allende charged that Anaconda and Kennecott had done everything possible to damage the economy of the nation. Nonetheless, most observers believe that Allende is too pragmatic to risk the kind of bitterness that could follow if the companies are denied fair compensation, and will finally consent to a settlement approaching \$1 billion. Only

recently Chile negotiated agreements with four U.S. companies on terms that proved much more favorable than had been anticipated.

Economically, Allende himself has said that the nationalization may present problems for a while. But from a political standpoint, it has been a resounding success: not a single party has come out in opposition.

Bolivia: Man in the Middle

"Bolivia is ungovernable," a La Paz businessman recently remarked. "And that seems to be just the way Bolivians like it." Since 1825, when Simón Bolívar defeated the Spanish and declared independence, Bolivia has had 186 coups d'état, an average of more than one per year. Its current President, General Juan José Torres, 50, came to power last October after a series of coups and counter-coups that even for Bolivia was high comic opera. While President Alfredo Ovando Candia and his army chief engaged in a bloodless quarrel over who should run the country, Torres quietly mustered air force and popular support, sent a small squadron of planes to fire a few bursts over the presidential palace, walked in and took over.

"Bolivia is part of the revolutionary Third World," Torres declared from the palace balcony in the shadow of Mount Illimani in La Paz. Pledging to struggle against "colonialism and imperialism," he promised that the state would take over rights to natural resources and "strategic sectors of the economy."

Though students and workers have never been fond of the military, they liked what they heard, and quickly supported Torres' revolution. Now they are threatening to take it over entirely.

Popular Gesture. In his nine months in office, Torres has moved to accommodate the miners, the strongest labor union in Bolivia, by raising their wages 20% overall. He purged his officer corps of suspected troublemakers and suppressed an attempted coup by right-wing military officers. His most popular gesture came on the eve of May Day, when he announced that Bolivia was canceling its 20-year contract under which the U.S. Steel Corp. and Philipp Brothers, a New York mineral trading firm, operated the large Matilde lead and zinc mine on Lake Titicaca. Torres promised to return a fair measure of the \$12 million the companies say they have invested.

It was not the first time Bolivia had resorted to nationalizing industries. In 1952, President Victor Paz Estenssoro expropriated the big tin companies; in 1969, General Ovando's regime nation-



BOLIVIA'S TORRES



CHILE'S ALLENDE

alized the Gulf Oil holdings. But that tactic almost invariably creates problems for the government. Because of the Gulf takeover, the regime had to postpone work on a gas transmission line to Argentina for lack of financing, ending at least for the time being a potentially profitable venture. More important, it has frightened off business investors. The only private foreign investment in the last two years was a \$500,000 contract signed by W.R. Grace for car and tractor service stations.

People's Courts. "We are a popular government," says Torres, "and we will not use violence or repression, but persuasion." His problem may be that he is not sufficiently persuasive. He lacks any semblance of solid support in the form of a political party. He is buffeted by rightist army factions and leftist student radicals, and it remains questionable how long he can hold out.

Earlier this month, 221 delegates from labor unions, student groups and other political factions gathered themselves the Popular Assembly met for a ten-day session in the National Congress Building. (Congress has not convened since 1969.) After electing powerful Mine Leader Juan Lechin Oquendo as its president, the Assembly made it plain that it fully intends to play Congress to Torres' President. It passed resolutions demanding the establishment of "people's courts" to investigate political crimes, urging the expulsion of all U.S. military and intelligence personnel, and calling for worker representation in the management of the state-owned tin mines.

Though the Assembly does include a number of extremist pro-Soviet, pro-Chinese and pro-Cuban student factions, which attack each other regularly, it also represents more moderate labor groups, which wield considerable power among Bolivia's 5,000,000 people. As a result, Torres may well yield to at least some of its demands. If he does not, a general strike—or even coup No. 187—is conceivable.

Peru: Soldier in the Saddle

"We are building for our children. There will be difficulties, there will be problems. But our revolution cannot stop." So said Peruvian President Juan Velasco Alvarado in October 1968 after he and his fellow generals ousted the civilian government of President Fernando Belaunde Terry.

Rabbit in the Hat. The revolution's avowed purpose of creating no less than "a new Peruvian, one of dignity and responsibility" was a tall order. Peru was long overdue for a social overhaul. Only three years ago, giant foreign concerns and a few rich Peruvian families still had a hammer lock on the economy, controlling vast sugar estates that sometimes stretched for a quarter of a million acres, or running huge copper, zinc and silver mines where laborers worked for a little over \$1 a day.



PERUVIANS DEMONSTRATING FOR LAND REFORM

To accomplish its ambitious aims, the junta adopted a nationalist posture—"neither Communist nor capitalist, but peculiarly Peruvian," as Velasco put it. Unlike military regimes of the past, which usually served the oligarchy, the junta was sympathetic toward the sufferings of the lower classes simply because some of its members came from humble backgrounds. Only a few days after seizing power, it nationalized the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Co. and refused to pay compensation on the grounds that the company had illegally taken oil out of the country worth at least six times as much as the seized holdings. Loath to damage its relations with Peru, the U.S. has not pressed the issue. Though it was the only instance in which the junta refused compensation, the I.P.C. case nevertheless frightened off potential investors.

Lately, however, businessmen have been taking another look at Peru. Early this month the government signed a contract permitting the U.S.-owned Occidental Petroleum Corp. to explore for oil and split its finds fifty-fifty with Peru. The terms came as a surprise to oilmen, and may touch off a scramble among foreign companies. Says one economist: "Oil could be the rabbit in the hat for the Peruvian economy."

The economy can certainly use a magic trick. Inflation was held last year to less than 6%, and fish-meal exports rose to the highest tonnage ever. But the world price of copper, Peru's most important foreign-exchange earner, has dropped from 70¢ in March 1970 to 55¢.

Most Ambitious Ever. Velasco, an ordinary soldier who rose through the ranks to become a general, complains bitterly about the lack of U.S. support. "Washington practically demanded that the Latin American nations put land-reform programs into effect as a condition for Alliance for Progress aid," said the President. "Now that our revolution is really trying to make land reform work,

not one American dollar has been lent to help us finance it."

In fact, the junta's agrarian reform program, the most ambitious ever attempted in South America, has now swept over all of Peru's 6,000,000 arable acres. Three years ago, 8% of the landowners held 83% of the arable land. Now, owners are allowed to keep only 370 acres; the rest will be paid for in 4% bonds maturing in 20 years. The junta has also passed an industrial law under which all basic industries will be state-owned. Foreign companies are not allowed to own more than 33% of any local industry. In all companies employing five or more people, Peruvian workers will share in 25% of the profits before taxes. Wages have also gone up; the average salary for mine workers has doubled to a little over \$2 a day.

Preventive Revolution. Despite these changes, fewer of the rich have fled from Peru than from Chile, in part because they recognize that the junta, which has not used violent tactics, is engineering what might be termed a "preventive revolution" rather than a complete upheaval. "With the junta, I lose half of my fortune," explains an aristocrat. "With a more radical revolution, I might lose my entire fortune and my neck as well."

Yet, if the revolution has not met with much resistance, neither has it generated much fervor. One of the toughest problems, President Velasco said recently, has been "getting the people to participate." With its genuine but almost naive idealism, the junta asks the people to labor selflessly for the sake of Peru. Like most people, the Peruvians are not anxious to work all that hard until they can be sure there is something tangible in it for them.



PERU'S VELASCO

PEOPLE

For 33 years, Entertainer **Rudy Vallee** has been fond of a Paris street sign that says "Rue de Vallée." When Los Angeles Mayor **Sam Yorty** suggested to Vallee that the street to his Hollywood Hills home be rechristened to match the sign, the entertainer proceeded with the rechristening—helped along by a Yorty appointment to the city traffic commission. Two of Rudy's neighbors were not amused, protesting so angrily that the embarrassed public works committee tabled the idea. Determined to carry the matter to the city council, Rudy says: "It will enhance the value of the property along the road."

Russia's trumpeting of their own skill at chess irks American Chess Champion **Bobby Fischer**, now in the midst of a winning streak in the quarter-finals for the world championship. Bridling at taunts in Soviet newspapers of "Fischer out of Practice" and "Fischer Afraid to Play Us," Bobby says that the Russian headlines are only wishful thinking. The World Championship competition occurs only once in three years. "They just like to throw the title back and forth between themselves," snorts Fischer. "If I win, they'll be the first to push for an annual championship arrangement."

When members of the American Bar Association traveled to England to hold their annual meeting in London's Westminster Hall, haberdashers had a brisk run on cutaway coats and striped trousers. British courtroom fashions differ markedly from American ones. An eye-catching picture neatly captured that difference: there was America's bareheaded Chief Justice **Warren E. Burger** straining in ear-cupped intensity to hear

speeches, while the British Lord Chancellor, **Lord Hailsham**, and the British Attorney General, **Sir Peter Rowlison**, sat in bewigged splendor.

Not for nothing did the jet-set society earn its sobriquet. People arrive and depart from it with supersonic suddenness, though few have managed to do so as discreetly as **Talitha Getty**, the glamorous 31-year-old wife of **Paul Getty Jr.** After she died of what police said was habiturate poisoning, a Roman funeral was held for Talitha. One unidentified woman came; no one else seemed to care. Commenting on the absence of husband, father, in-laws, friends and flowers, one of Talitha's acquaintances mumbled, "She wouldn't want us to do something so uselessly sad."

Cutting in on other people's dancing partners is an old, usually honored American custom. Not so in Britain, as **Lord Snowdon**, husband to **Princess Margaret**, unwittingly proved at a party thrown by Canned Food King **H.J. Heinz II**. Seeing the alluring 42-year-old Countess of Westmorland dancing with **Peter Cazalet**, a trainer of the royal horses, Snowdon tried to cut in. Snapped Cazalet: "This is not America." The rejected Snowdon tossed a glass of white wine on Cazalet for good measure. Snowdon later showered him again, this time with red wine. Afterward, Snowdon maintained silence about the incident as did Cazalet. Said Cazalet's son: "My father did not talk about it with any real zest or enthusiasm."

Princess Grace of Monaco flew into Chicago to address La Leche League, an aptly named organization devoted to the breast feeding of children, and ponder-



TALITHA & PAUL GETTY JR.
No one noticed.

ously claimed that breast feeding combats "the current wave of public indecency that threatens to undermine and destroy Western civilization." Besides that, she added, "We are in favor of everything that touches children."

Onetime Actress **Betty Furness**, who made art and a career out of opening refrigerator doors on television, had hopes of helping befuddled consumers when she accepted a job advising New York Governor Rockefeller on consumer affairs. But in her new job she got cold shoulders without getting near a refrigerator. "Industry in New York State does not advise legislators, it controls them," explained Betty. "They really don't have the interests of the consumer at heart." Last week 55-year-old Betty resigned, frostily snapping as she went: "I'm too old for window dressing. I like to get things done."

When Comedian **Don Rickles** took up a two-week gig at Lake Tahoe, he decided to try his hand at tennis. Rickles, 45, tried to master the game, until felled by a torn ankle tendon. Into the hospital he went, suffering too much even to insult the surgeon, and into his place went Singer **Robert Goulet** to take over the show. Said Goulet: "Don tripped over his tongue on the tennis court."

"Business and money are no longer my gods," said a chastened **Billie Sol Estes** as the gates of Leavenworth closed behind him in 1965. They still aren't, this time by order of the U.S. Board of Parole. Estes, whose artful swindling amassed a paper fortune of over \$30 million before he was convicted, is now out on parole after serving more than six years of his 15-year sentence. The parole board's condition for his early release: stay away from "any self-employment or promotional-type activity." Billie Sol will work on a brother's farm.



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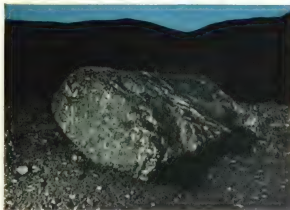
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THE LAW

What the Rap Might Be

The threat has been mentioned all along, but last week Government attorneys began the first broad investigation into what criminal charges may result from the publication of the Pentagon papers. A federal grand jury in Boston started hearing evidence on how the documents had been reproduced and distributed, giving specific attention to the roles of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *Boston Globe*. *Times*man Neil Sheehan, who first obtained the papers, and his wife, were also mentioned. But neither they nor any other newspaper employees had been subpoenaed by week's end, nor had the grand jury filed any charges.

Indeed, for all the activity, it seemed clear that the Government was still unsure of just how various laws apply—largely because no legislation appears to have anticipated the unique circumstances. Most problematic is what criminal activity, if any, can be ascribed to the newspapers involved. "Anyone on the *Times*, the *Post* or the *Globe* is potentially liable to a charge of receiving stolen Government property," says a Government official. The penalty would be ten years and \$1,000 fine. (The newspapers themselves would be liable only for the fine.) For the *Times* and Sheehan there is also the possible additional charge of taking stolen property across state borders since Sheehan is thought to have brought the *Times's* copies from Boston to New York; the penalty there could be ten years and \$10,000 on each count.

Xerox Technicality. But legal scholars point out a serious hitch in any stolen property prosecution. The newspapers received duplicating machine copies rather than the actual Government property. While few doubt that stolen-property legislation could be drafted to include such copies, the fact that they are not now mentioned is likely to make prosecution difficult.

Charging the newspapers with criminal offenses under the Espionage Act holds more promise of success. In fact, during the Government's unavailing effort to block publication, at least four Supreme Court Justices indicated that they might very well uphold a subsequent espionage conviction. The act, among other specifications, bans "unauthorized possession of information relating to the national defense" and failing to give it up to the proper authorities; such information is obviously just as present in a Xerox copy as in the original. In addition, the act outlaws communicating such information to others, which could be taken to include the act of publishing. The penalty is again a maximum of ten years and \$10,000.

Though none of the papers has begun preparing a case, they are certain to bolster whatever other lines of defense they raise with the special weight

of the First Amendment's free press guarantee. Aware of that extra protection, the Justice Department is far from decided on whether to proceed against the newspapers. "At this stage," said Attorney General John Mitchell last week, "it's a little silly to speculate that they will be indicted."

Ellsberg's Intent. The current Boston grand jury is considerably more likely to indict some of those who aided Daniel Ellsberg. Or it may only gather more evidence for Ellsberg's prosecution. Last week, in a separate action, a Boston federal magistrate delayed ruling on whether Ellsberg could be removed to California, where he worked for the Rand Corp. and where he has already been charged with taking and having unauthorized possession of copies of the



DANIEL ELLSBERG

The Government is still unsure.

Pentagon papers under the stolen property statute and the Espionage Act. Since even further charges may be brought, Ellsberg's lawyers are trying to prepare for every eventuality. A variety of attacks on the Government case are already taking shape.

One such attack centers on the mention throughout the Espionage Act of the need to prove intent to cause "injury" to the U.S. or give an "advantage" to a foreign nation. The defense plans to argue that Ellsberg's intent was certainly not to damage the U.S. As for theft, the defense will point out that the originals were returned and that Ellsberg retained only copies—a practice followed by many other former officials to aid in the preparation of memoirs or to preserve a personal record of their years in office. Broader arguments are likely to be that the papers were improperly held in a top-secret classification and that they were

not currently related to the national defense but were instead historical documents.

Unmade-Up Minds. Such an array of defense possibilities appears to have been unexpected even by Ellsberg. "Until recently I took it for granted that I would go to prison," he says. "Somewhat to my surprise it turns out it's not at all clear that I have violated the law." Though the Government side has a differing view, it too seems less sure about who has committed what. "Nobody's made up his mind yet about who has violated the law," said a Government official last week. Added John Mitchell, smiling slightly: "I think we'll want to sort this one out very carefully."

Lineups in Blue

The scene was unprecedented. Seventy policemen in uniform, all of them white, their faces hard-set, lined up as suspects while four blacks passed from one to the next trying to make identifications. The tension was tangible. "You stink," hissed one cop as one of the Negroes, a woman, peered closely at him. The scene in Buffalo was repeated four times during the past two weeks till 278 cops had appeared before the black quartet. They were the first all-police lineups in memory.

What led to the bitter confrontation was a brutal incident 15 months ago. Alleging that there had been a sniper's shot in a black neighborhood, some 25 cops broke into one house without a warrant, saying that they were looking for guns. A two-year-old girl was knocked to the floor. Her protesting father was beaten, then thrown down a flight of stairs. His three-months-pregnant wife was also knocked down and stomped. A three-month-old girl was Maceed in the eyes and left with a permanent need for glasses. At the end of the police rampage, no arrests were made. In fact, not a single policeman on the force will admit having been in the house.

Hair Trigger. Prodded by community groups and convinced that the attack did indeed occur, Commissioner Frank Felicitia, an up-from-the-ranks hard-liner, ordered his men to muster for the lineups more than a year ago. They refused, and unsuccessfully fought the order all the way up to the Supreme Court. The delay took its toll. At least three cops said to have been elsewhere during the incident were reportedly among the ten identified by the witness victims. That may well undermine the other identifications, which are to be used only in departmental disciplinary proceedings. No cop is likely to come to trial because such a broad-gauge use of the lineup may violate constitutional rights of the men as individuals. Antagonism between blacks and police in Buffalo has long been exceptionally severe. After the lineups in blue, police tempers are on a hair trigger. And if little or no discipline is meted out to the cops, black tempers will be no less volatile.

WOMEN'S LIB: BEYOND SEXUAL POLITICS

ONE would think that Kate Millett or Germaine Greer were feeding the gentlemen their lines. More than 300 earnest women—ranging from Black Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm to Writer Gloria Steinem to Betty Smith, former vice chairman of Wisconsin Republicans—met in Washington last week to form a National Women's Political Caucus. Its goal: to seek out and promote candidates of either sex, preferably women, who will work to eliminate "sexism, racism, violence and poverty." And what was the reaction in San Clemente? Discussing a newspaper photograph of four of the caucus leaders, Secretary of State William Rogers remarked that it looked "like a burlesque." The President replied: "What's wrong with that?"

Faced with that kind of crude, belittling response, it is no wonder that women are often provoked to sharp recriminations, and sometimes to stretching a point beyond reason. For example, along with setting themselves the admirable goal of organizing politically, a few speakers at the Women's Caucus also made some farfetched assertions. "We must humanize America and save her," said Betty Smith, implying that it is up to women to do the job. Author Steinem railed at the "masculine mystique belief" in the inevitability of violence. If recriminations are in order, one could with some justice blame women for passively tolerating that violence, since for some time now they have constituted more than half of the electorate. To imply that they are more humane and peace-loving than men is to make not only a dubious claim but a sexist one.

The occasionally exaggerated rhetoric of the feminists would not matter, except that it could discredit an important movement that still has a long way to go. Are suburban wives really comparable to the inmates of Nazi concentration camps? So Betty Friedan argued eight years ago, groping for strong words in *The Feminine Mystique* to stir up the feminist movement after its 43-year relapse following ratification of the 19th amendment. Now, having achieved some success, the movement might be expected to show greater responsibility. Instead, in countless books and "consciousness raising" sessions, hyperbole seems to have become its hallmark. "The majority of women drag along from day to day in an apathetic twilight," states Germaine Greer unequivocally in *The Female Eunuch*. She warns that "women have very little idea of how much men hate them." The draconian arbiter of *Sexual Politics*, Kate Millett, has mentioned the "envy or amusement" she noticed in certain men when Richard Speck murdered eight nurses.

Extremism in any movement—despite its attention-getting value—scars off potential followers, and makes it all too easy for dissenters to attack or ridicule its aims. Women's Lib is no exception. There is the further danger that female chauvinism will mislead and confuse the women themselves, particularly younger ones who have little experience to give them ballast. Consider, for example, the consequences of distorting or exaggerating three of the movement's most enlightening propositions:

- 1) CERTAIN KINDS OF BEHAVIOR AND OCCUPATIONS HAVE BEEN EXPECTED OF WOMEN FROM BIRTH; IT IS THEREFORE DIFFICULT FOR THEM TO BECOME AUTONOMOUS INDIVIDUALS.

Elizabeth Janeway, 57, a novelist and mother of two sons who stands somewhat apart from the movement, provides a low-keyed discussion of this valid notion in a new book called *Man's World: Woman's Place* (William Morrow; \$8.95). Unlike Millett, who drew on fiction, or Greer, whose examples came mostly from pop culture, Janeway borrows from academic sociology to explain how society maintains itself by means of roles and myths. One of her basic themes, applicable to either sex, is that individuals find it easier to adopt a ready-made self than to create one.

But social shifts can make familiar roles and myths archaic. Most Americans still believe that a woman's chief function is to be housewife and mother. In fact, 43% of American women today are in the labor force and 75% of these work full time, most of them because they have to support themselves or their families (see BUSINESS). Others work because they want a vocation with utility and meaning that their homes do not always provide—especially for a lifetime.

This does not mean that women have fundamentally changed; it is home and family that have been altered beyond recognition. The "virtuous woman" of *Proverbs* never thought about a "career," but she bought fields, planted vineyards, made fine linen and sold it. A few centuries ago, rural estates were, in effect, agricultural and industrial co-operatives, and women took their place beside men as managers of farms and workshops. Now there are few comparable possibilities for productive work at home; moreover the proportion of a woman's life devoted to care of her children, thanks to her longevity and the sharp reduction in the size of her family, has dwindled. Nonetheless, it is still considered somewhat unfeminine, even "abnormal," for a woman to stress her career; and to be regarded as abnormal today, Janeway points out, is almost as damaging as it was to be thought heretical in the Age of Faith.

Today's women should certainly see the traditional role as only one possibility in their lives, and then feel free to accept or reject it. But are they conditioned by culture to accept it? Or at least influenced as powerfully as Women's Lib claims? Does overemphasizing this point discourage women from striking out for themselves? If cultural conditioning accounts for everything, there would be no Women's Lib. To devastate some feminists with whom she disagrees, Germaine Greer suggested that their theories were "devised by minds diseased by the system." If conditioning were all, Greer's mind would be no less diseased.

Liberated women should put cultural conditioning in its place, along with Freud's notion of biology as destiny, which the movement's best ideologues have so brilliantly attacked. They might even, for a moment, pay heed to the arch-enemy. In *The Prisoner of Sex*, Norman Mailer suggests that "some necessity may exist in human life to rise above what is easiest and most routine for it. Humans-with-phal-luses, hardly men at birth, must work to become men, not be—as Millett would have it—merely conditioned into men; and humans-with-vaginas, not necessarily devoted from the beginning to maternity, must deepen into a condition which was not female automatically, must take a creative leap into becoming women." The latter is not a popular ambition at the moment, but liberated women should not throw out the baby with the bath water. The important tip from Mailer is that to become anybody at all (certainly to become autonomous), one must make a creative leap beyond one's conditioning, not count on it or blame it.

- 2) ONLY BY LEARNING HOW SOCIETY HAS HOBLED HER CAN A WOMAN HEAL HERSELF.

The text of many consciousness-raising sessions seems to have been taken from Søren Kierkegaard: "What a misfortune to be a woman! And yet the misfortune, when one is a woman, is at bottom not to comprehend that it is one." In other words, a woman is lucky only if she understands how unlucky she is.

Certainly there was no chance of changing society's attitudes toward women until they dared to see themselves and their problems clearly. Yet how deeply and how long do they have to look? Many women, especially those over 30, feel a sense of disbelief on reading the new chronicles of sexist injustice. There are some passages that seem to be authentic, that

jibe with their experience and feelings, but on the whole, no. To take the diatribes at face value can lead to incapacitating bitterness. The central question was posed rather poignantly by a columnist in *Rat*, the radical women's underground newspaper. "How to change pain into strength again?" she asked.

One of the most frequently invoked analogies in the movement is that "woman is a nigger." Apart from its triteness (we now have students as niggers, and workers as niggers—everything but blacks as niggers), there is some question as to how apt the comparison is. Women are not segregated from their male "oppressors"; moreover, women constitute 51% of the population, not 11%, as blacks do.

Nonetheless, Shulamith Firestone claims that it is worse to be a woman than to be a black. In *The Dialectic of Sex*, she contends that "feminists have to question not just all of Western culture, but the organization of culture itself, and further, even the very organization of nature. For we are dealing with an oppression that goes back beyond recorded history to the animal kingdom itself." What she means by "oppression," it turns out, is the necessity for females to bear offspring. Firestone is logical enough to see that only test-tube babies will save women from this predicament. But is it really necessary for women to go back beyond history or forward to test tubes to gain social and economic equality?

3) MOST MEN TREAT WOMEN AS SEXUAL OBJECTS.

This notion is now embraced by 57% of American women under 25, according to a recent poll by *McCall's* of 20,000 females. Many women who do not agree with the proposition still applaud the movement's rebellion against the *Playboy* philosophy. Even girls that girl-watchers watch are hored at being considered nothing more than Bunnies or potential bedmates and are delighted to reject the cosmetic look imposed by male tastes. Germaine Greer says that she is "sick of peering at the world through false eyelashes, so everything I see is mixed with a shadow of bought hairs." She should certainly remove them, even less radical women would agree.

Having made some valid points about the indignity of being considered only sexual objects, a few of the feminists have unfortunately gone on to exaggerate the proposition. They now claim that women are almost universally victims of rape. Never since the Sabine women were put upon by the Romans has there been as much furor about this crime as in the past year or so. This outcry has less to do with violence in American cities than with the radicals' all-embracing definition of the offense. Last April, they organized an all-day "rape workshop" in Manhattan, where they discussed such topics as "rape in marriage" and "the psychology of rapist and victim." (Child care was provided.) For women who cannot bring themselves to feel raped, there is a spectrum of lesser outrages to dwell upon, like being whistled at or ogled. *Manhattan's Village Voice* recently printed an essay "On Goosing" by Liberationist Susan Brownmiller, who furiously denounced all such male attentions as heinous insults, reminiscing

painfully about her most memorable geese from age 13 on and calling them "a long and systematic continuum of humiliation."

What should women do about lovers who treat them only as sexual objects? Kate Millett suggests that women are virtually powerless before such men—Lady Chatterley before Mellors, for example. In celebrating the "transformation of masculine ascendancy into a mystical religion," D.H. Lawrence presents "sexual politics in its most overpowering form," she wrote. Katherine Anne Porter, no feminist at all but a perceptive novelist, analyzed the situation quite differently. "It is plain," she wrote in an essay eleven years ago, "that Lady Chatterley will shortly be looking for another man; I give Mellors two years at the rate he is going, if sex is really all he has to offer her. All she is able to accept. For if sex alone is what she must have, she will not abide with him."

More mischief lies in the Great Clitoral Controversy. Movement radicals, misinterpreting Masters' and Johnson's laboratory experiments, declare that the clitoris is the key to womanly orgasm. They denounce Freud and his notion of the superior role of the vagina. Certainly women are entitled to any sort of orgasm they like. But girls who are now being enjoined to "Think clitoris!" are being sold a mechanistic view of sex that is almost as dehumanizing as the phallic consciousness of *Playboy*.

It is time for the movement to abandon sexual politics for real politics. U.S. women have less political representation than their counterparts in many other Western democracies, and indeed less than they used to have. Maine's Margaret Chase Smith is the sole female Senator, and there are only eleven women compared with 422 men, in what New York

Congresswoman Bella Abzug has derisively called the House of Semi-Representatives (she was also referring to its small number of young people and members of minority groups). In appointive positions, the record is even worse: women hold only 1.5% of the 3,796 top federal jobs. As a promising first step, the National Women's Political Caucus has already begun to organize groups in 26 states and Washington, D.C.

What, specifically, can politicized women do? Some will be fighting for job equality (including pay), child-care centers or tax relief for mothers who have to work, and further liberalization of abortion laws, and safer means of contraception than the Pill. They will also pressure universities, still largely male sanctuaries, to admit women on an equal basis with men both as teachers and as graduate students. Sensibly, last week's Women's Caucus subordinated such specific, feminist aims in favor of such larger, humanistic goals as better housing and a national health-care system that might cut down America's infant mortality rate, now a shocking 14th among developed nations.

Achieving any of these goals will not be easy. They will, in fact, be impossible to attain unless American women, both in and out of politics, demand a lot more of themselves and their daughters. In her classic treatise on womanhood, Simone de Beauvoir accused "the second sex" of exhausting its courage in dissipating mirages and stopping at the threshold of reality. She may be right. If they really want to liberate themselves and to create the kind of world they talk about, women must start thinking less about consciousness-raising and more about stepping across that threshold.

• Ruth Brine



EDUCATION

Getting Smarter Sooner

A moppet in kindergarten recites his ABCs, then confesses to his parents: "I learned it on *Sesame Street*, but my teacher thinks she taught me." It is not only young children who are ahead of themselves—or rather, ahead of the level where the traditional curriculum considers they should be. High school seniors also often find themselves bored to death, and even more bored when they discover that their freshman year in college repeats much of what they have already learned.

Tests show, in fact, that high school seniors are now as well informed as college freshmen were 20 years ago. Educators credit this development chiefly to television, which conveys a much larger amount of information to the young outside school hours than they have ever received before. In some ways, such acceleration is making young people too smart too soon.

Loss Junglegym. To meet this problem, Wilson Riles, the man who ousted Archconservative Max Rafferty as California's superintendent of public instruction in last fall's elections, has a plan. He would start all of California's 4,408,000 public school children a year before the present kindergarten age of five. They would begin much of first-grade work in kindergarten instead of spending so much time on blocks and Junglegym.



SUPERINTENDENT RILES

Adolescents would be graduated a corresponding year earlier, moving on at the age of 17 to jobs, college or a year off to reconnoiter their futures. It is a proposal of such staggering simplicity that it is already meeting opposition. Teachers object that it could require them to retrain in order to teach younger children. Blue-collar parents worry that the plan would throw even more jobseekers into compe-

tition for already scarce work. In fact, however, the idea of an accelerated curriculum has been endorsed by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education (*TIME*, Dec. 7), and is under consideration in several states, including Rhode Island and New York.

Shock the Mind. Discussing his program in a recent Los Angeles *Times* column, Riles argued that the state laws barring children from kindergarten until they are nearly five years old derive from the solicitous but outmoded notion of "readiness." That idea held that it is unwise to "shock the young mind with intensive instruction until it is ready"—perhaps at age six or seven." The twelve-year curriculum became widespread by the 1890s. Riles adds, as "a gift of America to mass education. At a time when relatively few went to college, extra years of school free of charge were indeed a blessing." Now, however, "our youngsters are more ready than the schools are."

Riles would pay the preschool bills with money now spent on the twelfth grade, upending "the current inverted-pyramid shape of school finance, where the lower the grade, the less money per pupil is spent." The biggest gainers, he thinks, might be disadvantaged students—and the taxpayers. "Prevention is cheaper than remediation," he says. "A dollar spent on the very young goes farther than a dollar for the not-so-young who are in remedial classes or on welfare or, indeed, on the 'Wanted' bulletins of post office walls."

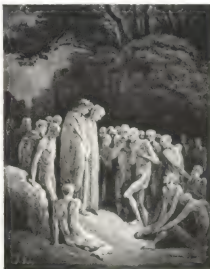
THE wretched souls of those who lived without infamy and without praise maintain this miserable mode," cries Virgil, in Dante's *Inferno*. Many teachers feel just like those wretched souls; the juxtaposition caught the fancy of Teacher Frank Behrens one day when he happened to be leafing through the classic edition of the *Inferno* illustrated by Gustave Doré. With the help of a

School As Hell

razor, he matched the illustrations to paraphrases of rules and advice he has encountered in New York City schools. The result is *Dante's Infernal Guide to Your School* (Simon & Schuster; \$2.95). Non-book though it is, it will give many a teacher the warm feeling that somewhere, somehow, sometimes, somebody out there UNDERSTANDS.



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MEDICINE

To Swim or Not to Swim

Just a mile from an Ohio beach, a temporarily flooded Cleveland waste-treatment plant was pouring millions of gallons of raw sewage into Lake Erie every hour. Yet in spite of posted warnings, scores of bathers were basted enjoying the waters. While the sight was enough to make a public health officer wince, it is not uncommon in the U.S. Swimmers everywhere recklessly expose themselves to pollution. Curiously, relatively few of them seem to get sick—or at least report any illness. Have the dangers of bathing in polluted water been exaggerated?

Breeding Grounds. Doctors disagree on the answer. The common technique for measuring pollution is counting the number of coliform, or intestinal bacteria in samples of water. These organisms are easily detected. Although they are usually harmless, they often coexist with more menacing microorganisms and viruses that cannot be discovered without more extensive testing. Hence the count provides a useful index of pollution. Yet levels that are regarded as safe by some public officials are rejected as dangerous by others.

New York City, for example, allows swimming when the coliform count is as high as 2,400 organisms per 100 milliliters, while neighboring Nassau County on Long Island bans bathers when the count reaches only 240 per 100 mls. The Federal Government and the military feel, for their part, that 1,000 per 100 mls. is a safe limit.

The unseen, uncounted but dangerous organisms that sometimes lurk in polluted water include the viruses that may cause conjunctivitis, laryngitis, sinusitis and hepatitis. They can also include the even more threatening bacteria that cause typhoid, cholera and leptospirosis, a sometimes serious infection carried by animal urine into streams, lakes and stagnant water. Indeed, small rural ponds can create a special hazard for swimmers. Without an adequate water flow to wash away debris, they may become breeding grounds for a heavy concentration of pathological organisms.

Do Not Swallow. Given all this menace, why does swimming in polluted water not cause more widespread illness? Although doctors are just beginning to study the problem thoroughly, many believe that bathers are harmed only if they swallow the organisms. An English physician has argued that a swimmer, short of actually swallowing fecal matter, runs almost no risk of infection. Says Dr. Siegfried Centerwall, head of California's San Bernardino County health department: "When officials say water is unsafe for swimming, they really mean it is unsafe for drinking."

Even swallowing polluted water very rarely results in a serious disease. This month, however, a study in the *Archives of Environmental Health* reports that the 16 Virginians who died over the past 34 years of amoebic meningoencephalitis, an infection of the brain and spinal cord, had all apparently caught the disease in three fresh-water lakes near Richmond.

A few diseases may result from mere skin contact with infected water; the most serious of these is schistosomiasis, an infestation of snail-borne parasites usually contracted in warm fresh waters, but never in the U.S. Related but much less virulent parasites, which are also found in cold water in many places including both the East and West coasts of the U.S., are the culprits involved in producing the rashes called "swimmer's itch."

Despite the relatively low risk of swimmers becoming seriously or fatally ill as the result of immersion in polluted water, doctors warn that they should not be lulled into a false sense of security. Any polluted water is potentially a source of danger. In fact, some people are tempted to blame every disease on water. Asked last fortnight by U.S. Public Health Service Officer Dr. Fred Fehvler where he had picked up gonorrhea, a teen-age Cleveland youth replied without hesitation: "Lake Erie."

Equine Epidemic

Few diseases are more fear-inspiring than encephalitis, a group of viral ailments that attack the brain and sometimes produce a fatal form of sleeping sickness. Thousands of horses died when an epidemic of Eastern equine encephalitis struck the Eastern U.S. in 1933; thousands more were affected when a similar disease hit the Central U.S. and Canada in 1941. Now, horses throughout the Southwest are threatened by yet another related virus. An epidemic of Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis (VEE) has been working its way northward from South America since 1969 and has now crossed the border into Texas.

Carried by mosquitoes, the disease can be devastating. Horses infected by the virus usually die a painful death within 72 hours, often wandering dizzily in circles until they fall to earth. Mexican officials report that at least 10,000 animals have died there since the disease hit the country earlier this year. A federal-state task force fighting the epidemic in Texas has already recorded 1,000 animal deaths, and has received reports that many are floating down the Rio Grande River.

Humans can also contract

equine encephalitis if they are bitten by the virus-carrying mosquitoes, and many people have developed the disease. Several thousand inhabitants of the northern Mexican town of Rio Verde have come down with the telltale, flu-like symptoms: headache, fever, aching bones, nausea and vomiting. In the border town of Brownsville, Texas, three children have been diagnosed as having the disease. Elsewhere in the Rio Grande Valley, 36 people with similar symptoms have been admitted to hospitals. Their chances of recovery, however, are excellent. Venezuelan equine encephalitis is rarely fatal to humans; most recover from it in a few days.

Food for Buzzards. The prognosis for the state's horses, however, is poor. Supplies of antiencephalitis vaccine, which is still in the experimental stage, are limited. Aerial spraying of mosquito-breeding areas was begun too late to kill many of the disease-bearing insects. "We're kind of lost this battle," says Dr. P.R. Henry, chief of the federal task force. "The mosquitoes laden with virus got to the horses before we could protect them."

Efforts are under way to prevent the disease from spreading. Authorities have quarantined all of the state's horses, not only forbidding owners to ship them out of the state but prohibiting intercounty movement as well. The order, which grounded a unit of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Dallas, may keep the deadly equine epidemic confined to Texas though horses from the famed King Ranch were shipped to Kentucky prior to the quarantine and may be carrying the disease. The quarantine will do little to prevent those animals already exposed from becoming food for the buzzards. Thousands of the state's 400,000 horses are expected to die of VEE before the coming of colder weather helps kill the mosquitoes and curb the spread of the disease.



REMOVING DEAD HORSE IN TEXAS
But humans have an excellent chance of recovery.

RELIGION

The Politics of Piety

In American Protestantism, as in American political parties, the bitterest factional fights are often within denominations rather than between them. A vigorous, angry, conservative rebellion is challenging the liberals who have dominated mainstream Protestant churches almost steadily since the 1920s. The central issues vary from church to church, but they center on three areas of disagreement: strict v. liberal interpretation of the Bible, evangelism v. social action, and a distrust of ecumenism v. an eagerness for church merger. U.S. Episcopalians felt the crunch of disagreement last fall (TIME, Nov. 2). Presbyterians and Methodists more recently. Nowhere is the clash currently more bitter than in the 3,000,000-member Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, whose biennial convention in Milwaukee last week boiled over into a savage debate over the future direction of the denomination.

The fight was unusual for the L.C.M.S., which is known for its familial German-American solidarity and its loyalty to traditional Lutheran doctrine. Indeed, in the Protestant spectrum, contestants on both sides of the L.C.M.S. battle are relatively conservative. The moderates simply prefer a degree of theological variety and a gradual opening up to other Lutheran denominations—the middle-of-the-road American Lutheran Church (2,600,000 members) and the more liberal Lutheran Church in America (3,100,000 members). The hard-line conservatives want to keep the L.C.M.S. theo-

logically exclusive and pure. But, as with earlier Christians, seemingly small differences can mean a lot. Moreover, the issues have been intensified by some hard-nosed power politics within the church.

The jockeying began two years ago, when a grass-roots revolt before the 1969 convention brought conservative Classicist J.A.O. ("Jack") Preus into the presidency of the denomination. But moderates remained in command of the Missouri Synod's respected Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis, the largest Lutheran seminary in the U.S. Preus has since consolidated power with aggressive efficiency—moderates say with ruthlessness. Though a number of opponents stayed in untouchable jobs around him, he carefully nurtured grass-roots support. The moderates' main complaint against their president stems from an investigation he launched last year at Concordia in response to charges that some seminary theologians were not heeding strictly to the doctrine of the Bible's "inerrancy."

Gang Rape. The inerrancy doctrine is at the heart of the present strife. Preus and many other conservatives take the fundamentalist view, which holds that such biblical passages as the Adam and Eve account and even Jonah's journey inside the whale are historically true. For most moderates, however, inerrancy means rather that major doctrines, such as original sin, are divinely inspired truth, while specific stories like that of Adam and Eve or Jonah could be just illustrations of a larger truth.



OPENING SERVICES AT LUTHERAN CONVENTION
Battling for theological law and order.

The fight is an old one in American Protestantism, but it has grown up anew in the Missouri Synod with Concordia's efforts to build a topflight Scripture faculty. When Preus' investigation team arrived on the Concordia campus, it was stacked with fundamentalists who see the more liberal position as heretical; a number of theologians feared a purge.

At the convention, Preus saw to it that key committees were in the hands of allies. Then he opened the week by laying it on the line to the nearly 1,000 delegates in a dramatic, unflinching call for theological law and order. He asked that the convention require L.C.M.S. members to accept not only traditional Lutheran Confessions of Faith but also all statements on biblical doctrines passed by Synod conventions. The "absolutism" of the presidential wing, wrote the angriest of the opposition newspapers circulating on the convention floor, resembled nothing so much as "gang rape."

Lingering Bigotry. As it turned out, the conservative drive was stopped by a narrow margin. Moderates retained control of Concordia's board, which should avoid any threat of purge in the seminary for at least two years. As for the resolution on doctrinal formulations, the delegates voted 485-425 for a curiously schizophrenic compromise. It retained the conservative preamble and "whereas" sections of the right-wing resolution, but substituted a moderate version of the resolution proper, simply asking—not requiring—church theologians to "honor and uphold" doctrinal statements of church conventions.

Like the Missouri Synod, the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern Presbyterian) is split almost evenly down the middle. At issue among the South-

Tortilla Fiat

FOR six years, Roman Catholic Priest Victor Salandini, now 43, has been a passionate promoter of Cesar Chavez's efforts to organize California farm workers. Lately, wearing a serape with Chavez's stylized eagle emblazoned on it, Salandini has been saying Mass on an ironing board in front of the Palm City house of Grower Robert Egger, a key figure in a farm labor dispute. He has refused repeated orders of San Diego Bishop Leo T. Maher to wear vestments other than the serape, and to stop using corn tortillas as Communion bread. (Wheat tortillas would apparently be acceptable under recently authorized changes in the Mass.) Maher, who has backed workers' rights to organize but pledged church neutrality in the conflict, said last month that Salandini was a man "under terrific tension" with "a grave persecution complex." Last week Maher ordered Salandini suspended. The tortillas, evidently, were too much to swallow.



TELEVISION

ern Presbyterians' 960,000 members is the future of reunion plans with the 3,200,000 members of the United Presbyterian Church, which has grown apart from the Southern church ever since the Civil War. The North-South split among the Presbyterians is exacerbated by differences in theology and *de facto* racial practices. Blacks in the Northern church recently barred consideration of reunion until at least 1973 because of what they see as lingering bigotry in some Southern congregations. Southern conservatives resent such things as the 1967 changes in Northern ordination vows, which eliminated a reference to Scripture as "the only infallible rule of faith and practice."

Good News. Conservatives in the Southern church based their hopes of blocking the merger on a clause in their constitution that demands approval of three-fourths of the church's 73 presbyteries. But at the denomination's convention last month, a bare majority of Southern liberals pushed through a plan to "restructure" the church map that could gerrymander the conservative threat out of existence. A conservative magazine, the *Presbyterian Journal*, charged angrily that "everything important went the way of the world, the flesh and the devil." But last week the denomination's chief executive officer, Stated Clerk James Millard Jr., reminded Southern Presbyterians that their convention had voted to support programs of reconciliation. One resolution, he said, decreed "public insinuations and accusations against the faith, orthodoxy and character of fellow members."

Forces are less evenly divided in the more solidly liberal denominations, in which minuscule bands of right-wingers are less important than growing minorities of a more moderate conservative opposition. In the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), an articulate new moderate group called "Disciples Concerned" is earning notice. In the mighty 10,700,000-member United Methodist Church, the most successful opposition comes from a movement known as the "Good News" Methodists, named after a quarterly magazine published by the Rev. Charles Keyser of Grace Methodist Church in Elgin, Ill. Keyser emphasizes the importance of preaching the Gospel to modern man and champions a return to enlightened evangelism coupled with effective social action. Liberals, claim Keyser and his associates, wrongly replace evangelism with social action, while traditional conservatives neglect social action.

The moderates say that Methodist membership losses (300,000 in the past three years) stem from disillusionment with the liberal program. Some who might have left are now moving in the Good News direction; about 1,800 of them gathered at a meeting in Cincinnati earlier this month. The magazine itself now commands a readership of 5,000 among the nation's 35,000 Methodist clergymen.

Playwrights in Residence

The Virginia State Penitentiary squats smack in the middle of Richmond, a graying wad of concrete plopped down in a dreary commercial neighborhood of decaying buildings. It is a maximum-security prison that houses 1,200 inmates whose offenses run from rape and robbery right up to multiple murders. Improbably, it also houses one of the country's fastest-growing and most enthusiastic drama schools.

There the prisoners have come up with a desperately passionate full-length play, *Later, Jason*, written and twice performed inside the penitentiary by inmates. It has also been performed at



AUTHOR GIBSON



ACTOR PULLIAM

Hardly an academic exercise.

two prison farms, and this week WCVE-TV, the public-television station in Richmond, aired the TV version using the original prison cast.

Familiar Terrain. "It's an old-hat drama," Playwright Otto Jefferson Gibson says diffidently. In an eerily contemporary sense, he is right. In *Later, Jason* the generation gap between father and son is aggravated by the son's serious involvement with drugs. The son cannot pay the pusher who supplies him. Finally the son murders the pusher and is sentenced to life in prison. *Jason's* terrain is familiar: what is special about the play is that it is hardly an academic exercise. In this case, art imitates life with unsettling directness. At times the actors move furtively, almost fearfully through their roles, but their very awkwardness adds power to their portrayals.

Although *Later, Jason* lacks polished slickness, its honesty coupled with the experiences of its author and principal actors give it special conviction.

► Author Gibson, 28, is in his ninth year of a sentence for murder during armed robbery. "I went to rob him," he says of the farmer who was his victim. "No gun. I hit him with a stick. He lived five days and died. I got \$560." And a 45-year prison term. "I was a fool. I'm so goddam sorry, but what good does that do now?" Gibson, a high school graduate, worked as a stone polisher on the outside. In prison, he scribbled the play on scraps of paper to kill time when he could not sleep; he would stretch out on his stomach on the floor of his cell after lights-out, sticking his hands through the bars to write by the corridor lighting.

► Jerry Pulliam, 27, plays Jason, who kills a hood by stabbing him with an ice pick. It is grimly reminiscent of his own crime. "I killed an acquaintance with a knife," says Pulliam, now in his fourth year of a life sentence. "There are so many Jasons in here," says Pulliam, who finished high school in prison.

► Thomas Abshire, 40, a clerk in the prison school, plays Jason's father. He is working off his sixth conviction, an 18-year sentence for burglary. Among his previous crimes: impersonation of an income tax collector. Abshire is the most professional acting in the entire cast, for which he has a ready and plausible explanation: "I'm a con man."

Monotonous Pull. One of Gibson's and *Jason's* most ardent advocates is the prison chaplain, the Rev. Walter B. Thomas. "The Rev." as he is called by the inmates, persuaded the prison hierarchy to produce the play. To him it seemed a way of breaking through the monotonous pull that hangs over American prison life. The prisoners seem to agree. More than 25 inmates are now at work on original scripts. A play-writing course taught twice weekly by the head of the drama department at Virginia Commonwealth University is now under way at the prison.

Christopher Brennan, 31, public-service director of WCVE-TV and producer of *Later, Jason*, has unusual reasons to be enthusiastic about his experience with prison drama. "In the pen, you don't have to worry about the actors showing up late or about union problems or paying the cost of meals. If you want to move a camera one inch, there are a dozen guys rushing to help you." But he has more conventional reasons to be thankful. Brennan needed a scant \$3,000, which his station did not have, to produce the drama. So he went out beating the bushes for it. An Episcopal girls' school gave \$1,000; two Richmond businesses and two private foundations donated the rest.

Brennan now envisions a series of original dramas emanating from the Virginia prison. Says Author Gibson: "We're assumed to be, and probably are, the dregs of society. We never had an outlet before. Now we do."

SCIENCE

Roving the Moon

The flight of Apollo 15 will be man's most ambitious adventure in space. After its scheduled lift-off from Cape Kennedy next Monday, July 26 (at 9:34 a.m., E.D.T.), the 6.4 million-lb. rocket will hurl U.S. astronauts toward a perilous landing at the foot of the moon's towering, 12,000-ft.-high Apennine Mountains. During their 67-hour visit, twice as long as any previous stay, they will crisscross more than 22 miles of lunar terrain, traveling to the very edge of a winding, quarter-mile-deep gorge called Hadley Rille in the forbidding lunar highlands. Before their return to

aboard the orbiting command ship *Endeavour*, he will conduct a host of experiments, including closeup photography of the moon with a specially designed stereo camera. He will also take a daring space walk on the trip home.

As an example of sheer technological innovation, however, nothing aboard Apollo 15 quite beats NASA's new LRV (for Lunar Roving Vehicle), more commonly known as the "moon rover." Tucked away in the side of *Falcon*, the collapsible, 10-ft.-long jumble of aluminum tubing, wire and rods might easily be mistaken for a Ruhe Goldbergerian version of an old-fashioned foldaway Murphy bed. Actually, it is one of the

ways know their location in relation to the lunar module. Scott and Irwin may find the equipment extremely helpful: last February, the Apollo 14 astronauts became so confused by the moon's baffling, undulating terrain that they briefly lost their bearings.

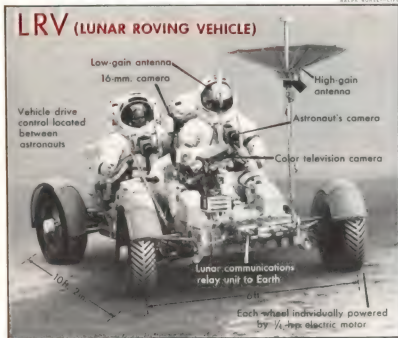
Handling the moon buggy is relatively simple. To begin moving and accelerate, the driver presses forward a short, airplane-like joy stick. For turns, he simply shoves the stick sideways in the appropriate direction. The movement of the wheels themselves is not so simple; pushing the stick to the left, for instance, swings the front wheels left and the rear wheels right, thereby enabling the rover to make a much sharper left turn than an ordinary car. To stop, the astronaut pulls all the way back.

Bump Car. Though the astronauts have spent hours practicing with an earthly prototype, Scott insists that the vehicle can easily be mastered after a trial run of only four or five minutes. Perhaps, but because of power limitations in the motor-driven steering mechanism, it can take as long as six seconds to send steering commands to the wheels. As a result, the vehicle responds as slowly as a carnival bump car. "That can make driving the rover hairy," reports TIME Correspondent John Wilhelm, who recently took a short spin in a terrestrial version at Cape Kennedy. "Cutting some figure eights between NASA's simulated sand craters, we nearly ran down a television camera crew."

No TV men will be in the way on the moon. But there will be a special RCA color video camera perched on the rover's front. The camera's movements will be controlled from earth, thus allowing officials in Houston and TV viewers everywhere to follow the astronauts' activities on the moon. The camera will also be positioned to send back the first live pictures of a lift-off from the moon. One thing that will not be sent back is the rover itself. It will be left behind, along with the other expensive technological debris already scattered by man on the moon.

While all eyes were on the impending U.S. moon mission, the Soviets last week gave their first official explanation of Soyuz 11's tragic end. Confirming the speculation of U.S. space officials, they said that the deaths of the three cosmonauts were caused by a sudden drop in cabin pressure—and not by the aftereffects of prolonged weightlessness. The cosmonauts were not wearing pressure suits for re-entry into the earth's atmosphere. Thus the loss of oxygen quickly rendered them unconscious and brought a rapid, painless death. The Russians attributed the depressurization to a "loss of the ship's sealing," but indicated that they still had not determined whether this was the result of an oversight by the cosmonauts when they closed the spacecraft's hatch or a more basic flaw in the machine.

In the light of the Russian tragedy,



earth with an expected haul of 250 lbs. of moon rocks, they will put a tiny scientific satellite into lunar orbit.

Big Payoff. NASA expects such an enormous payoff from Apollo 15 that it is already calling the flight the first truly scientific expedition to the moon. The lunar module *Falcon* has been packed with 2,500 lbs. of added scientific and life-support equipment. The two moon walkers, Flight Commander David R. Scott, 39, a veteran of the earth-orbiting flights of Gemini 8 and Apollo 9, and I.M. Pilot James B. Irwin, 41, a rookie, have had such a heavy dose of geology training that NASA's usually critical scientists say that the astronauts are ready to go for their Ph.D.s. Even the third member of the all-Air Force crew, Alfred M. Worden, 39, who also will be making his first space venture, has been given an extra dose of scientific indoctrination. While waiting for his buddies to rejoin him

most unusual and expensive cars ever built (cost of the moon buggy program: \$37.8 million).

Capable of carrying two astronauts and their full baggage, a payload more than twice the vehicle's own earth weight (460 lbs.), the buggy is a model of efficiency, if not Daytona-like speed (maximum: 10 m.p.h.). The battery-powered car should be able to cross crevasses as wide as 28 in., clamber up and down slopes of 25° and travel up to 40 miles. Each of its four wide-track, wire-mesh wheels is driven by its own gears and a 1-h.p. electric motor. In case one motor fails, it can be cut out of the power system and the vehicle can push on—if necessary on the power of only two motors.

Though it will not range more than five miles from the lunar lander, the rover includes enough navigational gear (a gyroscope, an odometer and a computer) that the astronauts should al-

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U.S. space officials have decided to take at least one extra precaution during the forthcoming lunar mission. The Apollo 15 crew have now been ordered to keep their suits on for a longer period through one phase of the mission: from the docking operation with the command module right through the jettisoning of the lunar module. NASA also is considering whether to reinstitute the practice of having crews wear their suits during re-entry to earth. The practice was dropped after the voyage of Apollo 7 in 1968; it was considered a needless precaution.

Distant Molecules

Combining the techniques of the chemistry laboratory with the tools of the observatory, radio astronomers have recently discovered at least 13 different kinds of molecules in the vast spaces between the stars of the earth's galaxy (TIME, June 8, 1970). Now the hunting grounds of astrochemistry, as the new discipline is called, have been enormously expanded. French Astronomer Leonard N. Weliachew, 34, reported last week that he had found the first tantalizing evidence of molecule building in galaxies beyond the Milky Way. His finding was one more indication that life may not be unique to earth.

Resolving Power. Other astronomers have also looked for extragalactic molecules, but without any luck. Lacking sufficiently sensitive radio telescopes, they could not detect the faint "signatures" left by such molecules in the radio waves coming from distant galaxies. To overcome that obstacle, Weliachew, now a visiting astronomer at Caltech, hooked up the school's three big antennas in California's Owens Valley—two 90-ft. dishes and a 130-ft. dish—so that any two of them could be used simultaneously. That technique gave him the resolving power of a huge single antenna with a diameter equal to the distance between the two antennas (up to 3,500 ft.). Then, aiming his twin instruments at two particularly powerful sources of radio energy, the galaxies M82 and NGC 253,* he quickly found what he was looking for: the characteristic signature of hydroxyl radicals, simple molecules composed of a single hydrogen and a single oxygen atom.

Such examples of chemical evolution are an essential first step in the construction of amino acids and proteins, complex molecules that are the building blocks of life itself. Thus, Weliachew has provided significant support for the belief of a growing number of scientists that the same chemical processes that likely produced life on earth are occurring throughout the universe. "I don't smile at the thought of finding intelligent life in the universe," says Weliachew. "It is a serious matter."

* M82 stands for object No. 82 in the catalogue of nebulae, galaxies and clusters of stars started by the 18th century French astronomer Charles Messier. NGC 253 means object No. 253 in the New General Catalogue.

ENVIRONMENT

A Plague of Moths

Despite July's heat and humidity, large areas from Maine to New Jersey look as if spring were just beginning. Big shade trees that should be fully verdant wear a thin green lace of tiny leaflets. It is, in fact, a second summer growth of foliage. The trees had earlier been stripped of all their leaves in one of the worst attacks by voracious pests ever recorded in the U.S. Northeast. If the attacks continue for another year or two, many trees will lose their strength to blossom again and will die.

No More DDT. Chief defoliator is the gypsy moth, a fuzzy brown caterpillar with blue and red spots that daily consumes one square foot of tree leaves (but not farm crops). Almost any kind of tree leaf from maple and pine to magnolia is meat for its mandibles. What makes the gluttonous insect so hard to control is that it has lacked natural enemies. It was imported from Europe to Massachusetts in 1869 by Leopold Trouvelot, a misguided naturalist who hoped to crossbreed the hardy moths with silkworms and start a new textile industry. Instead, when the bugs escaped their cage, he started a spreading plague. Now virtually all of New England and New Jersey, plus parts of New York and Pennsylvania, are infested by the insatiable insects. Since female moths lay their eggs not only on trees and rocks but also on vacationers' campers and trailers, all of the U.S.'s woodlands are threatened.

Man used to battle the bug by dousing forests with DDT. While the persistent pesticide killed the gypsy moth, it also wiped out beneficial insects and

harmful birds. As a result, DDT had lost so much favor that when the moth population exploded last year, the bugs went mainly unsprayed. They denuded almost 1,000,000 acres of trees and laid billions of eggs for an even worse infestation this year.

To combat the new onslaught, the pesticide industry offered up a chemical poison trademarked Sevin. It is not as toxic or long-lived as DDT, but just as surely kills the caterpillars. Nonetheless, environmentalists strongly oppose Sevin because it is fatal to fresh-water insects, fingerling fish and bees. Heeding the environmentalists' warnings, residents of most infested areas this year voted against aerial spraying of pesticides and settled back to let nature take its course.

Just as expected, the gypsy moths (prevalent in some places by equally ravenous spanworms) audibly began their leafy banquet on schedule this spring. "It's awe-inspiring," said Charles S. Wood, chief of Massachusetts' bureau of insect control, when he heard millions of bugs chomping through the Cape Cod woods. "It sounds like a gentle rain in summer." Besides the chewing, naturalists say, the noise is partly the ceaseless drizzle of moth excrement and partly the rustle of falling, half-eaten leaves.

Backlash. To save their trees, some people tried using a biocide called *Bacillus thuringiensis*, which infects the caterpillars with a lethal virus. Smelling like musty hay, "BT" unfortunately may cause difficulties for people with allergies. Other tree owners turned to home remedies. They swatted the bugs with shovels, burned them with blow-

torches. Mrs. Marie Rusicka of Marlboro, N.J., actually spent three hours every day hand-picking the bugs off her trees. To keep caterpillars on the ground from climbing to the greenery, some citizens wrapped tree trunks with greased burlap bandages, then every evening stamped out the squishy bugs.

Another reaction was to blame environmentalists for the infestation. Because he recommended no aerial spraying of pesticides, Elmer Madsen of the Bristol, Conn., conservation commission received a box of squirming caterpillars from an angry resident. Someone else called him one night to complain "The noise of the worms eating is keeping me awake." This month three aspirants for political office in Bristol announced that they would run on an ecological backlash ticket. Their theme: Spray pesticides next year.

Final Solution. As the bugs now metamorphose from engorged caterpillars to egg-laying moths, federal and state agencies are stepping up efforts to stop the pests' spread. Inspectors face the thankless task of searching campers and trailers for gypsy moth eggs. Scientists hope to put out synthetic sex lures that attract libidinous male moths to traps and doom. When the lures were tested in Mississippi, says William H. Gillespie, chairman of the National Gypsy Moth Advisory Council in Charleston, W. Va., "all the male moths did was fly around and frustrate themselves. They never did find any gals to procreate with."

Even so, nature itself may offer the final solution. Now some birds and beetles seem to have developed a taste for the pulpy caterpillars. But proof of these predators' effectiveness will not be apparent until next year, when it already may be too late for thousands of weakened trees.



GYPSY MOTH LARVAE



DEFOLIATED SUMMER WOODS ON CAPE COD
All is meat for munching mandibles.



CAPTIVE ADULT MOTH



One hour later, it won't get hungry again.

If you need a car to make food deliveries with, doesn't it make sense to use one that won't eat up much profit?

It did to Mr. Chuck Lew, Chinese restaurateur, White Plains, New York.

His honorable Volkswagen has been delivering everything from wonton soup to feeble nuts for close to two years.

All the while averaging 25 miles to a gallon of gas, using pints of oil instead of quarts, and no water or antifreeze.

Since it can't bail over or freeze under, the egg foo gets wherever it's going while it's still young.

Since we never change the way the car looks, spare parts are as readily

available from his Volkswagen dealer as are spare ribs from his restaurant.

And since Mr. Lew charges a 50c delivery fee and uses a car that costs roughly one-fourth of that for the average trip, he'd be crazy to trade it in.

Even for all the tea in China.



CINEMA

VANESSA REDGRAVE AS SISTER JEANNE IN "THE DEVILS"

Madhouse Notes

The drowning of a young couple in *Women in Love* and the Swiss idyll corrupted by an epicene aristocrat. The aborted honeymoon in the swaying railway car in *The Music Lovers* and Nina Ivanovna's dementia. With each new film, Ken Russell has become increasingly obsessed with madness—which is dangerously like a kind of madness in itself. Now, in *The Devils*, he has made a delirious fresco about the insanity of the witch hunts in 17th century France. It is a movie so unsparingly vivid in its imagery, so totally successful in conveying an atmosphere of uncontrolled hysteria that Russell himself seems like a man possessed.

There have been movies like *The Devils* before, but only a very few: the Swedish silent *Witchcraft Through the Ages*, Pasolini's *Teorema*, Kenneth Anger's *Invocation of My Demon Brother*. *The Devils*, however, is rendered on a far grander scale than any of these. It is like a lunatic opera, an attempt to make a furious poem out of frenzy. Russell's flamboyant theatricality and his interest in the perverse have been too much imposed on his other films; but here, style and subject are perfectly matched. The film does not work as drama. But as a glimpse of hell it is superbly, frighteningly effective.

Russell's film script is based on both Aldous Huxley's sardonic history *The Devils of Loudun* and a play by John Whiting. It presents the Jesuit Father Urbain Grandier (Oliver Reed) as a sexually profligate and politically dangerous priest who threatens the intricate schemes of the insatiable Cardinal Richelieu. To gain control of the walled city of Loudun—thus crushing a steadfast fortress of independence in France—Richelieu and his minions engineer a trial at which Grandier stands accused of inducing hysteria in a convent of Ursuline nuns.

The superior, Jeanne des Anges (Vanessa Redgrave), is racked by divine visions of sexual intensity, or "sex in the head" as Huxley had it, echoing D.H. Lawrence. "As heroic passion, it is one of the last infirmities of noble mind. As imagined sensuality, it is one of the first infirmities of the insane mind." But it is an infirmity intense enough to destroy Grandier and reduce the walls of Loudun to rubble.

The scenario is fairly clear-cut: it is the *mise en scène* that is so complex. Cinematographer David Watkin (*Catch-22*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*) lights the sumptuous sets to give a consistent aura of hallucination. Russell lashes his actors into a histrionic verve that is reminiscent in equal parts of the Royal Shakespeare Company, the Living Theater and Bedlam. The supporting cast (Dudley Sutton and Michael Gothard most prominent among them) act like a chorus and look like creatures from a Bosch triptych. Oliver Reed is suitably forceful as Grandier: it is indeed his best performance. Vanessa Redgrave, a consummate actress, is fine as Sister Jeanne, except that she tends to get lost amidst all the sound and fury.

Dewy Interludes. That is understandable enough. There are graphic tortures, profane theophanies, demonic masques and blasphemous orgies. There are also romantic interludes between Grandier and his illicit wife Madeleine (Gemma Jones) that are altogether too dewy for comfort. Instead of representing a counterpoint to the raging madness, these episodes serve only as sentimental footnotes and rob the film of any adequate perspective.

Russell is enamored like some Pre-Raphaelite by the stuff of damnation. This gives his work a decadent, self-indulgent quality that makes for unique and often stunning spectacle. But it finally cripples him as an artist.

■ Jay Cocks

Disappointing Bergman

It is impossible to be quite fair enough to Ingmar Bergman. He has done too well. Too much is demanded. In a career of more than 25 years, he has made half a dozen films that must be considered great. His anguish after God, his personal pain and his peerless intellect have yielded such classics as *The Naked Night* (1953), *The Seventh Seal* (1956) and *Wild Strawberries* (1958). Of his more recent films, *Persona* is one of the most complex personal works in all of the cinema, and *Shame* and *The Passion of Anna* should be counted among his finest work. Every time Bergman makes a new film—and he makes one each year—enormous expectations are aroused.

The Touch is Bergman's first film in English. It is certainly not among his better ones. An intimate psychological drama about a love affair and an ensuing domestic crisis, *The Touch* is reminiscent of those sober and slightly dreary "women's dramas" that Bergman made back in the mid-'50s, films like *A Lesson in Love* or *Brink of Life*. The plot is narrowly, intensely focused on a housewife named Karin (Bibi Andersson), who is approaching middle age and who, after 15 years of marriage, yields to her first extramarital affair. Hers is a loving, even a model marriage, which her affair inevitably endangers. And her choice of a lover implies strong tendencies toward an almost suicidal self-contempt.

David Kovac (Elliott Gould) is an American archaeologist born in Germany and educated in Israel, who has learned a good deal about the past and almost nothing of his own psyche. He is alternately childish and brutal, contemptuous and suffocatingly possessive. He tells Karin shortly after their first meeting that he is in love with her. She is frightened but flattered. She visits him at his apartment, but that afternoon he is impotent. Later he has



ANDERSSON & GOULD IN "THE TOUCH"
Revelation through parallels.

TIME, JULY 26, 1971

her for the first time by abusing and almost raping her.

Bergman continually emphasizes the changes in Karin and David through the developing parallels between them. She first meets him in a hospital, moments after the death of her mother; some time afterward the lovers spend an afternoon looking through a family photo album, and Kovac speaks rather too fondly of his own dead mother. Karin responds equally to the tenderness and humiliation he lavishes on her.

Paralysis. One day Kovac brings Karin to his excavation to show off his prize, a centuries-old madonna, which is being consumed from within by mysterious insects that had lain dormant for 500 years and revived only when the figure was brought up from underground. It is an obvious and not especially felicitous metaphor for Karin herself. When the lovers finally part and Karin desperately pursues David to London, she meets his sister, a cripple suffering from an unnamed muscular paralysis, which she claims to share with her brother. Karin reacts to this as if it were a kind of sign (as indeed it is), and returns to Sweden to have her baby. She is not sure whether the father is David or her own husband. Nor is she sure that it matters.

The Touch is a remote and rather unsympathetic film that suffers from some language problems. One reason that Bergman is a great film maker is that he is an exceptional writer, but the dialogue here is ponderous, staid and stiff. Bergman may be fluent in English, but he does not seem entirely comfortable with it. Under his direction Gould does well enough physically, most especially in the scenes where he is playing close to crazy. But his line readings often ring hollow. Bibi Andersson has a showcase part and makes the most of it in a rich and thoroughly memorable performance. Max von Sydow lends strength and great depth to the role of the cuckolded husband, giving the film its only portion of real warmth.

The first minutes of *The Touch*, an aching evocation of personal loss when Karin discovers her dead mother, show Bergman at his finest. It is a sequence that sets a level of quality that the rest of the film fails to match. When a film of Bergman's does not measure up to the exacting standards he has set for himself, the disappointment may be slightly disproportionate. It is not any the less acute.

• J.C.

Summer Coolers

Shaft is a window-rattling thriller about a black private investigator named John Shaft (Richard Roundtree), who says "Right on" a lot and runs around in an endless variety of leather costumes making things hot for the bad guys. The film develops a good, affectionately edgy relationship between Shaft and a white cop, played by Charles

Cioffi, who was equally impressive as the villain in *Klute*. There is also some robust acting by Moses Gunn as an orotund Harlem mobster. Despite a few too many racial jokes, *Shaft* is a fast-moving pleasure. Director Gordon Parks keeps things going at such a headlong pace that the movie hardly pauses for breath.

The Last Run, on the other hand, is just full of hot air. George C. Scott, looking dour and uncomfortable, appears as an aging, paunchy driver for the Mob who takes a job after nine years to see if he can still cut it. He gets tangled up in the ill fortunes of his passenger, a hit man with a cheap line of chatter (Tony Musante) and his girl (Trish Van Devere), who is supposed to be a moll but looks a good deal more like a Peck & Peck model. The suspense is so listless that the characters

band and wife is snappy, affectionate and diverting. That is rather more than can be said for the rest of the movie. William Holden turns in an excellent performance in *Wild Rovers* as an agile but aging cowboy who robs a bank with his young buddy (Ryan O'Neal). It is a role that owes much to the character he created in *The Wild Bunch*, and the film itself owes similar debts to such illustrious predecessors as *Red River* and *The Searchers*. Writer-Director Blake Edwards (*The Pink Panther*, *Darling Lily*) is more at home with gilded entertainments than campfire yarns. There is the distinct feeling about *Wild Rovers* that Edwards could not wait to get off the prairie and back to the penthouse.

McCabe & Mrs. Miller is basically a frontier comedy about hookers, gamblers and entrepreneurs that also functions



RICHARD ROUNDTREE AS SHAFT

A cargo of hot air and a window-rattling thriller.



VAN DEVERE & SCOTT IN "LAST RUN"

seem considerably less likely to perish from gunshot than from atrophy.

Unman, Withering and Zigo has to do with unpleasant goings on in an English boarding school, where the boys of lower 5-B casually inform their new master (David Hemmings) that they have murdered his predecessor. It is a basically unbelievable premise that nevertheless makes for some nice, subdued thrills. That is exactly the sort of thing that *Willard* sorely lacks. It is a movie with a good idea—a young man who uses rats to avenge the oppressions of his elders—but it would have needed a combination of Buñuel and Hitchcock to carry it off. Instead it has Daniel Mann (*I'll Cry Tomorrow*), who manages, despite a good performance by Bruce Davison, to make the movie look like something disinterred from the cellar of TV's *Twilight Zone*.

Peter O'Toole has a nice time in *Murphy's War*, carrying on at full cry against a German submarine patrolling a South American river in the waning days of World War II. Sian Phillips (Mrs. O'Toole) is on hand to play a pacifist nurse, and the repartee between hus-

nically as a raucous send-up of capitalism. The film develops a striking ambience, thanks mostly to the talents of Production Designer Leon Ericksen, who constructed a Western town that is simultaneously grungy and beautiful. But Director Robert Altman often seems to be trying to make his movie worse than it actually is. Working on impulses that seem more self-destructive than artistic, Altman insists on slicking up this straightforward saga with a barrage of stylistic fillips (ragged editing, overuse of the zoom lens) that badly undercut the action. Julie Christie is resilient enough as the upwardly mobile madam, but Warren Beatty seems in danger once again of changing into a lump. A fine and facile character actor named Rene Auberjonois plays as if possessed by Donald Pleasence, while the rest of the supporting cast do a pretty good job of concealing their embarrassment. Some scenes—like a well-engineered shootout on a bridge—do, however, supply ample evidence that Altman is a man of some talent, and capable of better things.

• J.C.

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MUSIC

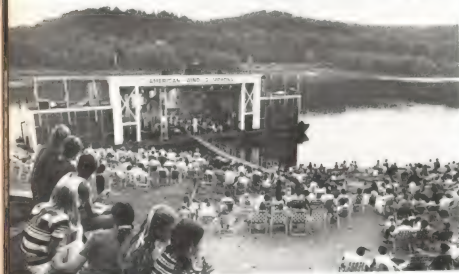
Barge Man

Toward sundown, people began drifting down to the riverbank. A few kids impatiently paddled their toes in the water. A young husband shushed a baby on his shoulder. On the far shore a car pulled up, waited, drove away; the ferry was not running tonight. Then, from the barge floating a few feet out in the rippling Ohio River, the music danced deliciously across the water. This was the big day of the year in Ravenswood, W. Va. (pop. 4,500), and almost everybody was on hand to enjoy it.

Conductor Robert Boudreau and his rather grandly named American Wind

whole area; now housewives in town after town do much of the door-knocking for him. He gives his audiences rousing toe-tappers: selections from *My Fair Lady*, *Stars and Stripes Forever* and, predictably, *Down by the Riverside*. He stages a fireworks display at show's end to hold the very young. But he has greater ambitions than that. His programs are heavily laced with contemporary works like Penderecki's *Pittsburgh Overture*, Badings' *Armageddon* and Mayuzumi's *Concerto for Percussion*—just three of the 200 scores he has commissioned and published. Not content merely to bring music to the local wharf or ferry landing, he sends chamber

BY DAN LUTTER



CONCERT AT RAVENSWOOD

Bringing something precious to the bourbon belt.

Symphony Orchestra are bringing something precious to the river towns of Appalachia, the Kentucky bourbon belt and the Mississippi Valley. Essentially, Boudreau has a barge and an idea. The barge is an old coal carrier he got 15 years ago and converted into a floating concert hall. The idea has been with him ever since he graduated from Manhattan's Juilliard School in 1952 and found that there were just not enough jobs available for brass and woodwind players. Being a trumpeter, he understood the problem firsthand. To get his orchestra started, Boudreau walked the streets knocking on doors, until H.J. Heinz II, head of H.J. Heinz Co., gave him \$15,000 and Duquesne University matched it. Ever since, he has been floating his barge up, down and around the Allegheny, Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, drawing audiences to the riverbanks for the kind of experience more often enjoyed in the past by kings—notably King George I, who ordered up the Handel *Water Music*.

Boudreau's winds have stirred up the

groups into homes for lecture recitals, and he himself can often be found rehearsing the local high school band. It may just be that there is no greater innovative force in American music than Robert Boudreau.

Certainly there is no organization quite like the fine 50-piece orchestra that Boudreau builds anew each summer with young (average age: 23) wind and percussion players from all over the U.S. and, this year, Japan and Canada. It may not match the luxurious silkiness of the Philadelphia Orchestra, but then it has no strings attached. Drawn from 300 to 400 auditioners a year, the orchestra is a crisp, vibrant-sounding ensemble that can give its conductor just about anything he wants. What Boudreau wants is as much style and excitement in an electronic-and-live composition as in a Richard Rodgers medley, and he invariably gets it.

Visual Delights. At Ravenswood last week, Boudreau unveiled yet another newly commissioned work, *Report*, by an up-and-coming Czechoslovak com-

poser named Lubos Fiser (pronounced *Fish-er*). *Report* is a mesmerizing symphonic tattoo in which marchlike rhythms blend effortlessly with geometric splashes of sound. It was hardly a hit with the audience, though. "That doesn't matter," says Boudreau. "As long as they're sitting there, they're absorbing it, getting used to the sound of today." The rapt attention now given "favorites" by Penderecki and Badings seems proof enough of that.

If the audience does nothing else, it can always enjoy this year's new visual delights within the 75-ft. proscenium. At stage rear and stage right are two modular kinetic sculptures by Czechoslovakia's Milan Dobes, 41, that provide a light-show backdrop of spinning whites, reds and blues for Mayuzumi's *Concerto for Percussion*. Even the players' chairs are part of a huge steel stage sculpture designed by Japan's Yasuhiko Kobashi. Perhaps "chairs" is not the best word: the seats are actually wood slats fastened like steps up and down vertical tubes that rim the rear of the stage. Some seats are as high as six feet; no two are in the same sight line. It pleases the players that each of them is entirely visible to the audience, although a trombonist who gets up carelessly to take a bow can easily topple to the floor.

The barge itself is a motorless wonder. While the orchestra members travel overland by bus, Boudreau moves the barge from stop to stop, like a kind of riverside hitchhiker. All the tow captains know the *Point Counterpoint*, as the barge is officially known, and willingly put a towline aboard and move it on to the next town. That saves the orchestra \$12,000 to \$15,000 a summer in tow charges. Placed against the orchestra's annual \$90,000 budget, the saving is substantial.

Goats and Cows. Boudreau does his own summer traveling in a Dodge Sight-seer with his wife Kathleen and their three children—Jonathan, 6; Robert Josquin, 3; Tanya, 2. The rest of the year, home is a 20-acre farm outside Pittsburgh where he raises goats and cows, grows corn and tomatoes and listens to tapes of new composers who may be worth a commission.

Boudreau turns positively sentimental when he talks about the beauty of the land: "What a wonderful world we would have if we could see beauty all the time." Sentimental or not, he personally ensures that every community he visits cleans up its riverfront. In that, he may or may not succeed this week when he takes his charges to New York. On a barge provided by the New York State Council on the Arts, Boudreau will sail the superpolluted Hudson and East rivers to give concerts at Yonkers and the Henry Street Settlement on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Then back to the farm. How about a conducting job in New York? "It would kill me. I'm a barge man. And besides, I gotta get back to my tomatoes."

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Miss Mary Ann Van, Executive Secretary, Arthur Godfrey Productions



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BUSINESS

BLASTING FOR CONSTRUCTION IN PENNSYLVANIA



TRUCK DRIVING ON LONG ISLAND

A Woman's Place Is on the Job

In a suburb of Washington, D.C., a six-year-old child was surprised to find that his playmate's mother was at home one noon, preparing lunch. The six-year-old piped up: "What's the matter with your mother? Can't she work?"

Of all the social verities that have recently been called into question, none has crumbled quite so rapidly as the belief that a woman's place is in the home—full time. Today a record 43% of all U.S. women—32 million strong—are in the nation's labor force, many in jobs that might have cowed Rosie the Riveter. They now constitute 37.5% of the work force and more are streaming into the job market every day.

The accelerating change is a result not only of the rise of Women's Lib (see TIME Essay, page 36), but of a complex of other social, legal and economic factors. Women are getting more formal education—42% of last June's college graduates were women—and they want to put their degrees to work. Now that civil rights laws bar discrimination by sex, more and more women are demanding relatively high-pay, blue-collar jobs. Federal courts have ruled against companies that refused to hire women as railway agents and telephone switchmen. In the courts, women are now challenging a variety of work rules, including company policies against assigning women to premium-pay night work. Certainly discrimination exists, especially in the higher ranks. The percentage of women in architecture, college teaching and some other professions has dropped significantly since World War II, and it is still rare to find women in corporate boardrooms.

Working Mothers. The most dramatic change has occurred among married women. Only 30% of them were in the nation's work force a decade ago; today, more than 40% of them are. The new trend is partly due to male willingness: one recent survey showed that half of the men questioned would not object if their wives took a job. Mostly,

however, it is the wives who have changed their minds.

An increasing number of them have abandoned the notion that children need a full-time mother. Just under 50% of all U.S. women who have school-age children also hold down jobs; so do 30% of women who have children under six years of age. The change in the mother-in-the-home attitude is reflected in the draft of President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan, which would require many welfare mothers either to seek jobs or enroll in training programs if their children are under five. Although child-care centers are still a rarity in most communities, more and more of them are being opened by Government agencies, labor unions and even neighborhood organizations.

An End to Worry. The twin evils of inflation and unemployment among men force many women to seek jobs, but certainly not all of them do so because of economic need. All together 43% of the female work force is made up of married women whose husbands earn \$5,000 a year or more. Mrs. Gloria Johnson, an official of the International Union of Electrical Workers (one-third of whose members are women), notes that the desire of married women to take jobs increases rather than decreases as they and their husbands turn the corner from being fairly poor to being fairly well off. These women join the labor force to extend their families' economic reach beyond the main breadwinner's grasp, and often with his encouragement. For families of almost any income level, a second paycheck can mean an end to worry and a new ability to take taraway vacations or send the children to camp and college.

This is particularly true of nonwhite women, half of whom are in the work force. In some schools in Washington, D.C., half of the teachers are black women who are married to men who hold relatively modest-paying jobs in

the Postal Service. Many such couples have combined incomes of \$15,000; they can, and do, buy new houses and cars and send their children to college.

Buying Respect. The women's work ethic also applies to middle-income families. In Houston, Mrs. Marjorie Wrigley, 31, took a secretarial job a year ago to supplement her husband's \$11,000 annual income as a supervisor for an oil-equipment firm. Even though more than half of her \$7,000-a-year salary goes for the care of their two children and other work-related expenses, the second paycheck has helped. "It seemed that our arguments always centered on how our money should be spent," Mrs. Wrigley says. "With more coming in, we give each other wider latitude." Their recent purchases have included a 16-ft. motorboat and some new home decorations.

Even fairly affluent women are increasingly lured by that extra check. Typical is a mother of four in suburban Potomac, Md., who revealed her financial picture with the stipulation that she remain anonymous. Though her husband earns \$23,500 a year as a Government lawyer, his income is not enough to buy luxuries. So she took a \$10,000-a-year teaching job. Since then, the couple has bought a new \$60,000 home, two new cars, color TV and other appliances, and plans to take a one-month family vacation in Italy this summer. "When I put my check on the dining-room table, I get respect," she says. "I do not get that ironing shirts."

Indeed, the rise of workingwomen is caused at least as much by their desire for respect as for cold cash. If the trend to working mothers seems uncaring and unwise, defenders of it point out that a second paycheck often allows fathers to spend more time with their children. Not only is Dad freed of some pressure to work overtime and struggle for promotion, but he also feels an obligation to get home and help Mother with the chores.

THE ECONOMY

The Consumer Holds Tight

The odds are growing against a consumer buying spree, which President Nixon had hoped would spur the nation's dawdling economy. Despite some tantalizing flashes of free-spending ebullience, the public's mood remains generally cautious, its purchasing habits basically frugal and its saving instinct surprisingly strong.

Mirroring the consumer's caution, businessmen are also keeping a tight rein on expenditures. "The projection for plant and equipment spending for the year has even been revised downward," says Economist Edward Boss of Chicago's Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust. "That is unusual for a recovery period." Spending for inventories is also sparing. Total business inventories in May rose about \$630 million, roughly the same as in April. The cost of borrowing is rising; last week the Federal Reserve Board lifted its discount rate to banks by 1% to 5%. Many forecasters now believe that a general spending resurgence is unlikely before 1972 unless the inhibiting threats of inflation and high unemployment are reduced more rapidly.

Plans Down, Savings Up. In a study of consumer purchasing plans released last week, The Conference Board, a top economic research group, found that the public's buying intentions declined during May and June after rising sharply earlier this year. Of the 10,000 families that were surveyed, only 7.8% reported that they plan to buy a car within the next six months v. 8.8% in a March-April study. Plans to buy refrigerators, TV sets, washing machines and air conditioners also diminished, says Board Economist Fabian Linden: "Everybody is waiting for the consumer to spend the economy back into high gear, but the consumer appears to be waiting for the economy to turn around first."

Consumers have been saving much more than anyone suspected. During the year's second quarter they put 8.4% of their disposable income into personal savings, the highest rate in 20 years. In St. Louis, the six major banks increased their savings deposits in this year's first half by \$41 million v. \$9,000,000 in the same period last year. Reports Vice President Howard Starks of Atlanta's Citizens and Southern National Bank: "People are not withdrawing their savings, and there are no indications that they are about to."

Buying Change. Business is up at some department stores, but overall retail sales are averaging only about 5% above last year's disappointing levels. Since prices have inflated about 5% in the past year, the actual volume of goods sold is about the same as in 1970. Says Harold Brockey, president of Rich's department store in Atlanta: "We look for no real upturn until 1972."

Where Everybody's Dollars Went

According to the American notion of progress, a pay raise every year is synonymous with Getting Ahead. But is it really? More and more Americans are finding that like the dreaming Miss Alice in Wonderland, they must run faster and faster just to keep even. An annual pay raise is seldom enough to

keep pace with the inflation of living costs and taxes. The tables below, prepared by TIME last week with the help of the Tax Foundation Inc., a nonprofit clearinghouse for tax information, show where a family of four with standard income tax deductions now stands in relation to 1966.

If You Earned This in 1966	Higher Taxes Now Take	Inflation Has Wiped Out	Your Earnings Are Now Worth*
\$10,000	\$155	\$1,670	\$ 8,175
\$15,000	\$155	\$2,460	\$12,385
\$20,000	\$150	\$3,220	\$16,630
\$25,000	\$150	\$3,955	\$20,895
\$50,000	—\$ 25	\$7,120	\$42,905

But what if an earner got a total of 25% in pay raises since 1966?

If You Earned This in 1966	With a 25% Raise You'd Get	Higher Taxes Now Take	Inflation Has Wiped Out	Your Earnings Are Now Worth*
\$10,000	\$12,500	\$ 295	\$2,115	\$10,090
\$15,000	\$18,750	\$ 425	\$3,095	\$15,230
\$20,000	\$25,000	\$ 575	\$4,040	\$20,385
\$25,000	\$31,250	\$ 820	\$4,950	\$25,480
\$50,000	\$62,500	\$2,890	\$8,845	\$50,765

* In 1966 dollars.

The mood of many consumers is echoed by Los Angeles Housewife Evelyn Banks: "You never know what else this Administration will bring, so you are just scared to get into debt."

Meanwhile, everybody is looking for a bargain. Moderately priced clothing, much of it imported from Taiwan or Spain, has become a major source of sales, particularly in wash-and-wear materials, which eliminate soaring costs of professional laundering and dry cleaning. "But," says Doug Middlebrook, a salesman at Mr. Guy, a Beverly Hills men's shop, "these days customers always ask the price before deciding to buy."

Evidence is growing that there is a basic switch in American buying habits, motivated by more than the wish to cut costs. Goods are rarely bought for status these days, but rather to express the life-style of the buyer. Whether fundamental or temporary, the new buying patterns

are having important consequences: **AUTOS.** Though car sales got off to a fast start, and U.S. automakers still predict a record volume of 10 million sales this year, new-car sales in the first ten days of July dropped 12% below last year's level to the lowest rate in a decade. Americans are saving money and rejecting ostentation, buying more and more small cars. Imported cars, mostly small, took 16% of the domestic market in this year's first six months, up from 13.5% in the equivalent period last year. All together, sales of U.S. and foreign small and compact cars account for 35% of the U.S. auto business.

HOUSES. Housing starts this year are running at 1,900,000 units, way up from last year, but people are buying much cheaper and smaller homes. Fewer houses are being built with full basements, garages and central air conditioning. Despite a 6.5% rise in building costs this year, the average price of a new house has risen only 1% to \$25,300. Unless the trend turns around, builders will have to sell more and more cheap houses just to maintain their previous revenue levels.

DO IT YOURSELF. The need to conserve cash is playing a big part in the recent phenomenal sales growth of do-it-yourself items, from motorized grass mowers to leatherworking kits. More people are growing some of their own food. W. Atlee Burpee Co. reports that its vegetable seed sales are up 20% so far this year. Sales of home sewing materials are at record levels. Significantly, the number of teen-agers who have taken up sewing has increased by 90% in the past two years. The patterns that they most prefer are for leisure wear, especially hot pants.

MAN LEARNING TO SEW IN MANHATTAN





RED DODGE'S ABANDONED HANGAR IN ANCHORAGE

Alaska's Frustrating Freeze in Oil

Three years have lapsed since drillers struck oil on Alaska's North Slope, touching off a black-gold rush that promised to make the relatively poor state the "Kuwait of the North." What has happened to the promise? To find out, *TIME* Correspondent Patricia Delaney spent ten days trekking across Alaska. Her report:

SUMMER is settling in on the North Slope, and the Arctic yellow poppy blooms in riotous abundance at Prudhoe Bay. Near a lone British Petroleum Co. rig, indifferent caribou graze. At the base camp, oil workers grow restless in the 24-hour daylight. Another idle crew waits 60 miles south, near Galbraith Lake, where \$4,500,000 worth of unused Cat tractors, bulldozers, graders and pickup trucks stand in precise rows, as in a toyshop at Christmas. Hundreds of miles farther south, at the port of Valdez, workers are beginning to coat stacks of rusting pipeline—400 miles of it—to prevent corrosion. Three years after one of history's richest oil discoveries, production is as bogged down as a truck convoy in tundra. The cause of the delay is the Department of Interior's refusal to grant a pipeline permit until the requirements of the 1970 Environmental Protection Act are met.

Safeguards Demanded. Few Alaskans foresaw the delay in 1968, when Atlantic Richfield (ARCO) and Humble Oil brought in spectacularly successful wildcat wells at Prudhoe Bay. Reserves were initially estimated at 10 billion barrels, but are now figured to be 15 billion, fully one-third of the nation's total. In the race to begin drilling, supplies were airlifted round the clock by huge Hercules "stretch" freighters from Fairbanks. Adding to the "boomer" spirit, ARCO, Humble and British Petroleum announced plans to spend \$900 million to build a 789-mile pipeline from the North Slope to Valdez. In a frenzy of competition, oilmen bought leases for \$900 million—enough to cover all state expenditures at the 1968 rate for 41 years. Delirious Alaskans were told that when production reached maximum levels, the state would receive \$200 million a year in oil royalties and taxes. University of Alaska economists have since increased the estimate to \$350 million annually.

Such hopes now seem to be foundering in an Arctic white-out of prob-

lems. Some 57,000 Aleuts, Indians and Eskimos, protesting that the pipeline would pass through 641 miles of federal lands claimed to be theirs, demanded compensation. This has forced the Department of Interior to delay construction until the land claims can be settled. Then there were the complaints that the pipeline would ravage Alaska's ecology. The pipeline would traverse three rugged mountain ranges, 23 rivers and three active earthquake zones. Much of the terrain is delicate permafrost, which could become a bog if its surface cover is disturbed.

The Interior Department has demanded a detailed environmental-safeguard report before construction can begin. Last month Interior Secretary Rogers Morton visited Alaska to see the route for himself. Oilmen, business leaders and Governor William Egan pleaded for a decision, but the permit is still not forthcoming. The angry Governor told *TIME*: "Oil was to be the catalyst to solve our economic difficulties. We are being kept from using our resources and controlling our own future." In turn, Morton recently complained about another delay: "The monkey is on the oil companies' back. I've been two-weeked and two-weeked to death waiting for their safeguard report." By last week, he finally got part of it—16 boxes of data, standing 5 ft. high. Once Morton receives the complete report, he is expected to approve the pipeline permit, probably in midautumn, laying down a host of conditions on construction. But environmentalists and land claimants are likely to try to stall the project further in the courts.

Payoff Zero. Meanwhile, the boomer spirit has given way to despair. Near Anchorage, construction of the new Forum Hotel has halted. At the Anchorage airport, the Red Dodge Aviation Co. has abandoned its partially finished \$2,000,000 freight terminal and has filed for reorganization under the bankruptcy law. Interior Airlines has also gone to court to stave off creditors. Alaska Airlines is in dire financial straits, as are several construction companies. Many corporations have overextended themselves. Bankers have begun to dry up financial pipelines that were once easily accessible to entrepreneurs. The Alaskan unemployment rate is 13.8%. The state has put up booths at the border and at air-



STACKED PIPE WAITING NEAR VALDEZ
Bogged down in the tundra.

ports in Seattle, Blaine and Sumas, Wash., and Sunburst, Mont., where representatives warn would-be immigrants not to go north in search of work and riches.

So far, the oil companies are the biggest losers. They have invested \$1.5 billion on the North Slope. Because the oil has not yet begun to flow out, the companies are losing \$300 million to \$400 million in annual revenues. Complaints Ed Patton, president of Alyeska Pipeline, an oil-company consortium: "The costs are increasing dramatically each month. The interest alone on our investment runs to some \$90 million annually." Moreover, the final cost of the pipeline may well be double the original estimate and hit \$2 billion, owing to inflation and some highly complex engineering difficulties.

Fighting Pollution. The companies have derived some unexpected benefits from the delay. Oilmen confess that if they had crash-built the pipeline two years ago, they would have made horrendous mistakes. Since then, they have learned how to deal more expertly with the fierce conditions of climate and geography. To protect the swampy tundra terrain, the companies use offshore drilling techniques. They have developed new strains of grass to grow on disturbed tundra, and they plan to install monitoring devices that would automatically turn off oil flow minutes after a leak is detected. The port of Valdez will have probably the most advanced antipollution system in the world. Problems remain, but University of Alaska Ecologist Vic Fischer says: "The basic environmental questions have been faced, and engineering can solve them."

Concern is nonetheless growing about the effect on the Alaskan economy if the pipeline is further delayed. Donald L. Mellish, president of the National Bank of Alaska, says: "Most businesses have not yet been hurt, but if the pipeline permit is turned down, it will prac-

tically kill our hope of getting outside investment." Unless pipeline construction starts quickly, Alaskans at the very least will face a crisis of falling expectations.

ADVERTISING

Animal Crackers

In the film *Doctor Dolittle*, Rex Harrison warbled about how nice it would be to talk to the animals, chat with the cheetahs or have a hippopotamus to tea. The doctor would probably be enjoyed leading through the U.S. press lately. Peering out of countless ads are all kinds of animal pitchmen.

A Chase Manhattan Bank promotion features an avuncular, sneaker-shod hippo working a computer. An ad for Irving Trust's computer service shows a wood penguin holding a high silk hat. The message: "Lease or Buy—Which suits you best?" Then there is the crane standing on one foot in an ad for Boeing Computer Service, which asks: "Looking for stability in computer services?" In an ad for CNA Insurance, a purple pig-like monster with yellow wings and an orange cocklecomb gobbles up dollars. The headline: "The Money Muncher. Starve it." Computer Communication's ads feature another cash-chewing nightmare: "The money-munching number cruncher." Other zoological promotions include Lee Clothing (a lion), Sony (a duck), Bemis Co. (an alligator) and Honeywell (a bear).

No one is certain why so many admen are suddenly crackers over animals. But the appearance of a single animal ad could have been enough to start the trend. As in few other businesses, an adman is always willing to offer his competitors the sincerest form of flattery.

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AVIATION

A U.S. Superjet for Japan?

U.S. aircraft makers have been about as hopeful of selling their latest sky designs as dress manufacturers have been about getting rid of their midli stockpiles. Boeing's bid to usher the nation into the supersonic age, after all, was soundly rebuffed by the Senate, and the fate of Lockheed's L-1011 jet still hangs precariously in the Congress. Yet last week ailing Boeing, which has laid off more than 90,000 workers in the past three years, became the heavy favorite to develop a new line of jumbo aircraft. Its prospective client: the Japanese government, which is racing its engines to enter the superjet era.

Dollar Hoards. The Japanese originally planned to build their own huge jet Airbus, but Japan's planemakers could not produce it as quickly as passengers need it. With domestic air runs already booked to overflowing, the government made a command decision to seek a foreign partner. A study mission headed by astute Hidemasa Kimura, an aeronautics professor, visited five manufac-

turers: The Netherlands' Fokker, British Aircraft Corp., Lockheed, McDonnell-Douglas and Boeing.

Boeing came closest to offering what the Tokyo government wants. Final terms have yet to be worked out, but it is likely that Boeing will sell or lease to the Japanese basic design-and-production technology either for a short-range version of its famed jumbo jet, with the working name of 747-SR, or for a completely new superjet Airbus that could carry up to 300 passengers but operate out of relatively short runways. Presumably, the Japanese would put up a production line with Boeing's help, and some of the plane parts would be built in the U.S. Kimura said that the Japanese, who have huge dollar hoards, could now make \$400 million available for the project. Japan's government estimates that the cost of the project ultimately could be as much as \$1 billion.

Chinese Market. Last week Kimura's group recommended that the government proceed with a joint development, and officials acknowledged that Boeing had the inside track. If the plan is approved, Japan's air technology will take a quantum leap forward, giving it a big lead in future markets of the Far East, notably including China. At the same time, Boeing will be able to open a door that is seldom used these days in the aerospace industry—the hiring office. The Seattle-based company dreams of developing important new models but needs a partner with money before going forward. Ironically, the money that Japan has earned from its export drive, which has been sharply criticized by U.S. protectionists, may well help to ease unemployment in the hard-pressed Pacific Northwest.

SONY'S DUCK PROMOTION



Ask your secretary who you sound like on your present dictating machine.



CNA'S INSURANCE AD



INDUSTRY

Mister Sam's Succession

Samuel Bronfman, founder and president of Distillers Corp.-Seagram's Ltd., was fond of quoting a line from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* that spoke of grasping "the skirts of happy chance." As Bronfman remarked: "Chances always come. Do you grasp or not?"

Parlaying a small hotel and bar in Winnipeg into the world's largest liquor empire (fiscal 1970 sales: \$1.4 billion), "Mister Sam" was a lifelong avatar of Tennyson's 19th century striving optimism. When he died two weeks ago in Montreal at 80, it was apparent that little of his family fortune, worth more than \$400 million, had really been left to chance. The founding father had prepared a succession more orderly than that of many other corporate giants.

Like many self-made rich men, Bronfman was a personality of extremes; he was extremely temperamental, sentimental and tough. Forced out of the retail liquor business by a government monopoly, Bronfman set up a modest distillery in Montreal in 1925. His company profited enormously from

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For everybody comfort is also a feeling of safety. That's the reason for features like dual diagonal brakes, roll cage construction and rack and pinion steering.

Today you need a car that's big enough to carry your whole family comfortably, and small enough for you to handle comfortably. The SAAB 99 is that car, inside and out.

The Well-built Swede
SAAB
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U.S. Prohibition. Bronfman's deals with bootleggers' agents in Canada were legal, and he had no doubts where most of his whisky was headed. He later said: "I never went on the other side of the border to count the empty Seagrams bottles."

As Seagrams developed, Bronfman bought effective control of its stock from seven brothers and sisters, placing much of it in trust funds to ensure that the bulk of his wealth would go to his widow and children and that his two sons would eventually inherit the mantle of power. Bronfman instructed Sons Edgar and Charles in every step of the business, beginning with his own ritual



SAMUEL BRONFMAN
Little left to chance.

of "looking at the whisky" as it was distilled. In 1957 Edgar was named president of the Seagrams U.S. operation, which accounts for 81% of the parent corporation's revenues, and Charles took over the Canadian operation. The senior Bronfman went into the office almost daily and retained veto power over major decisions until the end, although he devoted more and more time to charitable projects.

This week, as his father had decided long ago, Edgar Bronfman will succeed him as president of the overall Seagrams corporate interests: Charles will become executive vice president. Though U.S. liquor sales were flat during the recent recession, Seagrams profits have steadily increased, to \$59 million in fiscal 1970, as the result of new acquisitions and busy expansion overseas. Seagram's 7 Crown is the biggest-selling brand in the world. The company is also aging the largest inventory of the industry's newest product, "light whisky," which will go on sale next summer. Says Edgar Bronfman: "I'm 42, and my brother is 40, and my father certainly had ample time to train us."

MILESTONES

Married. Candy Mossler, 51, the soft-spoken, blonde Georgia belle who, after her sensational 1966 trial on a charge of murdering her 69-year-old millionaire husband Jacques Mossler, was acquitted along with Nephew Melvin Lane Powers; and Barnett Garrison, 32, an electrical contractor: she for the third, he for the second time; in Houston.

Married. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., 53, Pulitzer-prizewinning historian (in 1946 for *The Age of Jackson* and in 1966 for *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House*), intellectual fixture of the New Frontier and now a Professor at the City University of New York; and Alexandra Emmet Allan, 35, daughter of the late Lily Cushing, noted painter: both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Died. Pedro Rodriguez, 31, onetime "boy wonder" of international auto racing; of injuries sustained when his Ferrari crashed during a European Inter-series race; in Nuremberg, West Germany. The sons of a Mexico City millionaire, Pedro and his brother Ricardo were regulars on the international racing circuit while still teen-agers. Ricardo was killed while practicing for the Mexican Grand Prix in 1962, but Pedro went on to win at Le Mans in 1968 and capture first place at Daytona Beach, Fla. for the past two years.

Died. Prince Franz Joseph Maria Lamoral, 78, who as Duke of Thurn and Taxis was Germany's wealthiest nobleman and the patriarch of one of Europe's oldest families; of a heart attack; in Regensburg, West Germany. The godson of Austrian Emperor Franz Josef and titular head of the clan that introduced the international postal system to Europe in the 16th century, the prince presided over a billion-dollar financial empire that includes Germany's third biggest private bank and vast stretches of latifundia in Bavaria, Canada and Brazil. One of the last Continental nobles to live in the imperial manner, he maintained eight castles staffed by more than 350 servants.

Died. Edgar N. Eisenhower, 82, corporation lawyer and elder brother (by 21 months) of the late President; of a stroke; in Tacoma, Wash. When Edgar publicly chided his brother for proposing an oversized budget in 1957, Ike shrugged: "Edgar has been criticizing me since I was five years old." The second of the seven Eisenhower brothers, "Big Ike," as Edgar was known, liked to recall how he and "Little Ike" would fight "for the sheer joy of slugging one another" during their boyhood days in Abilene, Kans. But when 14-year-old Dwight got blood poisoning after skinning his knee, Edgar physically barred the doctor from amputating.



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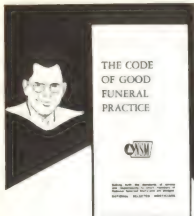
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Darts Away

It was match time at the Chelsea, a Chicago pub that draws dart players the way Raquel Welch attracts glances, and after several hours of steady practice, the first competitor toed the line and braced to throw. "He was really tired from all that practice," remembers Manager Joe Cassidy. "On that first throw, his follow-through was beautiful. But the dart stuck in his toe."

The Fine Old English Game of Darts is not usually so dangerous. The most common peril, in fact, is a slow disintegration of precision caused by over-drafts of ale or lager, which most dart players regard as a pleasantly indispensable part of the game. This is perfectly in tune with the Fine Old English Atmosphere in which the game flourishes nowadays as never before in the U.S.

Feathered Flights. "Our growth is amazing," says mustachioed Bob McLeod, 36, president of the fledgling United States Darning Association. "For every 100 players we had registered last year, we have 200 this year." The listing of darts pubs in *On the Wire*, USDA's ten-times-yearly newsletter, grows with every issue. McLeod has enlisted 4,300 enthusiasts under the USDA banner so far and estimates the total U.S. dartist population at about 3.2 million.

Sales of dart equipment are rising apace, spurred by the increased interest in sophisticated English weaponry now available in the U.S. through firms like McLeod's Darts Unlimited and Sam Hill English Darts in San Francisco. The darts themselves come in an enormous variety of sizes and shapes, from simple wooden affairs to the Ambassador model, which boasts a gold-plated barrel and genuine feathers called flights. *Athionadus* would not be caught dead without their own favorite brand of dart. The

standard board, favored by USDA and a fixture in most English pubs, is made of tightly packed sisal fiber and marked off in 20 pie-shaped sections with a score value of from 1 to 20, and inner and outer bull's-eyes worth 50 and 25 points respectively.* Some pubs, like Washington's Wakefields, have as many as five boards permanently set up.

Three in Bed. The game's heart is clearly located in the urban pub, although the suburbs of most major cities boast leagues too. Typical is the Jelly Belly Dart Association of Greenport, N.Y., which pits about 100 players in team matches every Monday night.

In city pubs like Manhattan's David Copperfield and Ken Beyer's, the dart players tend to be under 40, employed in advertising and publishing. Many are known by *noms de fléchette*: Harper Valley Fats and Butterball Stahler are regulars among the Jelly Bellies, while Oiley the Pot and Fast Trowel Mazz linger at Duffy's in Manhattan. Even the lingo is special. A "ton" means that a player has scored five 20s (or 100 points), while "top of the shop" is a double 20. Three bull's-eyes in one round is called "three in bed."

The level of the American game has risen spectacularly in the past few years. In 1970, British Champ Barry Twomlow crossed the Atlantic for a series of exhibitions. As expected, Twomlow smeared the colonials. When he returned this year, however, he was gut-punched by Bob Theide, 27, a Pensauken, N.J., metalworker who currently reigns as U.S. champion; Theide won eight out of twelve games.

* Though there are many ways to keep score, the most widely used is with the game 301. Each player starts with this total, then subtracts the value of his three-dart rounds. The winner must go out on a double (trapping a dart into the tiny double outer ring) worth the exact number of points remaining.

McLEOD & DARTS DISPLAY



MATCH POINT IN MANHATTAN



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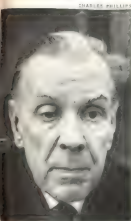


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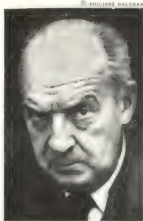
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A love affair between man and 4,000 tongues.

Babel Revisited

EXTRATERRITORIAL by George Steiner.
210 pages, Atheneum, \$7.95.

Nobody but Critic George Steiner could write in all seriousness of "the erotic relations between speaker and speech." To him, language is fundamentally the language of love: man wooing meaning, down to the coyest nuance, the most maidenly scruple. Like a Kinsey of linguistics, Steiner submits his report on the current state of the word-id in these ten brilliant, slightly obsessed essays, successors to his most recent collection, *Language and Silence* (1967), and fore-runners to a promised full-scale study of multilingualism.

How goes the affair between man and the 3,000 to 4,000 languages he has invented? As a lover, as well as a fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, Steiner knows rape when he sees it, and he sees it. The Nazis abused German almost to death, he argued in *Language and Silence*. In *Extraterritorial*, he warns that a more current threat, "the drift and boredom of semilitarism"—man's marriage of convenience to his words, threatens to crush the life out of all civilized languages.

Poets Unhoused. The certainties of language, like so many other certainties today, Steiner suggests, have become a privilege of the past. The Tower of Babel is once again an appropriate metaphor: "Increasingly, every act of communication between human beings takes on the shape of an act of translation." Our cultural anti-heroes are "poets unhoused and wanderers across language," contends Steiner, who is a cosmopolite himself, born in Paris of Austrian parents and educated in the United States as well as England.

A trio of compulsive polyglots, Samuel Beckett (equally fluent in English and French), Vladimir Nabokov (a writer in Russian, English, French and possibly German) and Jorge Luis Borges (whose

first work at seven was an English summary of Greek myths) are the men whom Steiner judges to be "the three figures of probable genius in contemporary fiction." Joyce teaching at his Berlitz school he takes as the prototypical modern artist, master of the "lost center," a practitioner of the "literature of exile."

According to Steiner's precise scenario, the "language crisis" began between 1900 and 1925. He even knows where: Central Europe. In Vienna, Ludwig Wittgenstein, bumping against the limits of language, desperately described philosophy as "speech therapy" and then proceeded to prove that it was. In Prague, Franz Kafka made art out of what Steiner calls "the resistance of language to truth." In their different ways, Steiner suggests, both men were signaling a loss of faith—the sudden awareness of a credibility gap between meanings and the words used to express them.

The crisis was aggravated by 20th century history. In public life, totalitarianism has corrupted language by its tendency, as Steiner puts it, to "unspeak the actual past" while conjugating its verbs only in the "depersonalized present" and "utopian future." In private life, Steiner claims, people have come to speak more and say less. He cites studies of urban phone calls that indicate "a drastic diminution and standardization of vocabulary and syntax." He observes that "quiet is becoming the prerogative of a sheltered elite or the cage of the desolate."

Semantic Dimension. Like all crisis-mongers, Steiner is a bit of a snob about his crisis. On the problems of language and their solution he rather melodramatically makes man's future cliché: "The next dimension of psychology, the step that may at last take us beyond a primitive mind/body empiricism, could well be semantic." He even crowds his way into the biological revolution: "It may be that human speech is in some way a counterpart to that decoding and translation of the neuro-

chemical idiom which defines and perpetuates our biological existence."

Also, like all lovers, he is less disturbed by those who neglect his beloved than by his rivals in attendance. The man who brings out the best, and the worst, in Steiner is the most prestigious specialist in linguistics today, Noam Chomsky. Steiner, with romance in his heart and the ultimate language of poetry on his lips, approaches linguistics on his knees. Chomsky, full of crisp talk about "data handling" and "feedback," confronts language in a white smock—the scientist of semantics. "Is there, in fact, a 'linguistic science'?" Steiner asks, arguing that the new scientific dogmatism about speech ignores the "mystery" of language.

Chomsky's linguistics may reduce language to formulas of mathematical probability. But Steiner errs in the opposite direction, turning language into a mystique. He expects nothing less than eventual salvation from the word, and that expectation warms, even while it slightly distorts his book. He advises critics that they will miss the meaning of modern literature if they fail to investigate linguistics. But what he himself seems to be seeking through language is something more—the meaning of life.

"Words signify man's refusal to accept the world as it is," the philosopher Walter Kaufmann wrote. In this sense Steiner is a curious but stimulating blend of visionary rationalism who obviously shares the dream he attributes to Borges: "No living thing or sound but contains a cipher of all."

■ Melvin Maddocks

Long Tall Tale

ADDIE PRAY by Joe David Brown. 313 pages, Simon & Schuster, \$6.95.

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practical than Mama. Addie Pray takes up traveling with Long Boy Pray, one of several men who might be her father, in order to help him "do business"—meaning back-country bunco jobs.

One of Long Boy's favorites is to arrive in a small town, buy up a supply of white morocco-bound Bibles and check newspaper obituaries for the name of a new widow in a good neighborhood. Having affixed the lady's name on the Bible cover in gold leaf, he sends Addie up to her door. The Good Book, of course, is a C.O.D. present ordered by the deceased. It is rare that the mourning widow does not cry "tears big as horse turds" while handing over \$25.

It takes Long Boy a while to realize just how gifted his precocious partner

DEWIS STATHOPOULOS



JOE DAVID BROWN
Bunco in the back country.

is. Cool and resourceful, she "smells out money like a honey bee smells out woodbine." Eventually he expands their operations. "Let's go ramify a big, fat farmer," he cries; and playing more on human greed than gullibility, he devises imaginative new swindles that net thousands. It takes nerve, but Addie thrives on "that crawly, goose-bumpy feeling I always got before we did business."

Occasionally, Long Boy overreaches. Once, he tried to sell a mean-eyed mountain bootlegger some of his own booze, and had to make it to the state line in a mighty hurry. But the Prays' illicit little empire grows and grows, until they join forces with a big-time con artist in an elaborate plot to pass Addie off as a missing New Orleans heiress.

An Amiable Bear. None of their schemes, however, is any craftier than the author's handling of material that is a bit light-fingered with both *Huckleberry Finn* and *True Grit*. An amiable bear of a man whose down-home drawl is deceptively similar to Long Boy's, Joe David Brown, 56, is a native of Birmingham and a former writer and correspon-

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dent for *TIME* and *LIFE*. *Addie Pray* is his fifth novel and his third to be sold to the movies (the others: *Kings Go Forth* and *Stars in My Crown*). Brown has a special feeling for the Depression-era South, and the touches of nostalgia that hover like hummingbirds over his narrative are most often exactly right—like *Addie's* partiality to strawberry Nehi and Nu Grape or a quick, vivid portrait of a small-time fair.

Brown also has a special feeling for the likes of his protagonist, who for all her conning ways is a pint-size frontier woman—tough, gritty, fiercely protective of her man. "Watching after a man is a hard, worrisome thing," she says, after opening Long Boy's eyes to a floozy's designs on his money. Most of the time on their travels, she and Long Boy share a room, but their relationship is almost puritanically free of any Nabokovian decadence. *Addie's* speech, however, is vulgar, pungent country talk, which adds greatly to the book's easygoing charm. Looking at Long Boy with his floozy, she observes that "he got that silly, dazed grin like a tom cat being choked to death with cream." Like that extravagant expression, the book is a long, tall, oldtime tale. But as *Addie* might put it, in the right hands that kind of yarn has a lot of prance left.

• Martha Duffy

The Geist Goes West

HOT SPRINGS: THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE FIRST NEW YORK JEWISH LITERARY INTELLECTUAL IN THE HUMAN-POTENTIAL MOVEMENT by Stuart Miller. 341 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

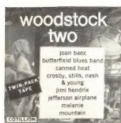
The time was the mid-'60s. The restrained ways of the previous decade were retreating before creeping sideburns and widening ties. Despite a touch of residual acne, Stuart Miller saw himself as Stuart the Magnificent. A New Yorker, he had buried his middle-class Jewish background beneath dashing consumer goods. His degrees included a Ph.D. from Yale. He had acquired a vaguely British accent and was, fittingly, the author of *The Picaresque Novel*, a study of rogues in literature.

Life promised Miller a glorious, fulfilled imitation of picaresque art. He had persuaded his bosses at the State University of New York to spring him for a year at the Esalen Institute. The university was searching for new routes to learning, and as a 29-year-old bachelor, Miller would be its one-man Lewis and Clark Expedition to the encounter-group center in Big Sur, Calif.

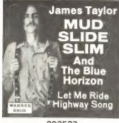
Objective: Girls. He arrived at Esalen in a silver Corvette. In the trunk, as Miller tells it, were "a properly scuffed Florentine leather suitcase, a gray-green but charmingly ineffective Olivetti, and a Cardin-imitation blue blazer bought at Barney's." Miller was to participate in Esalen's curriculum as a member of one of its residential programs. But his

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first objective was girls. Martha, Catherine, Sandra, Lorraine—all proved cooperative. What Miller did not count on was that his sex life would become data for encounter sessions. Catherine told Martha that she did not enjoy going to bed with him. Martha concurred, noting that Miller was rather cold. "I was sort of expecting that," said Catherine. Turning to Miller, she added, "After all your talk, you didn't seem to know that much." In addition, no one seemed overly impressed by his car, his haberdashery or his pretensions as the flamekeeper of Western culture.

Miller fought back with his persuasive critical intelligence. He mocked the jargon of the human-potential movement. He described Esalen as a typically vulgar California contradiction—"the pursuit of the spirit without adequate traditions." But the confrontation had mortally wounded Miller's vanity. Far from home ground, he had no one to buttress his top-heavy personality. "Who would tell me I was good?" he whimpered when an Eastern colleague failed to respond sympathetically to his complaining letters. By this time his ego began to resemble a shriveled eggplant. Waves of anxiety paralyzed his will.

Even as an Esalen dropout back in New York, Miller could find no solace or direction. Eventually he forced himself to write down a few simple resolutions. Among them: try to smile at others; be nice to your mother and father; treat women as people.

Unofficial Conversion. Miller also decided to return to Esalen, where the residents had taken over the maintenance and service chores to offset the center's financial deficit. He pitched in as a combination waiter, bartender and supply sergeant with the exalted title of "wine steward." Team spirit worked miracles. So did the New Testament, which he began to read regularly, eventually undergoing an intense—though unofficial—conversion to Christianity.

Enough of the old Miller was still alive, however, for him to reject a monastic existence and declare for life, a risk that had to be played out somewhere between Stuart the rogue and Stuart the saint. And that is precisely the equivocal condition of *Hot Springs* itself. Miller's finely paced narrative of ego death and transfiguration freely mixes elements and intentions. Ironic self-awareness vies with variations on the old-fashioned confessional and conversion tale. Frank disclosures are offset by pretentious allusions to existential phenomenology that could have come straight out of Sartre's *Nausea*. But the most worldly aspect of *Hot Springs* is as a testimony of a man remade; it also functions as a superior form of public relations. Stuart Miller, former literary intellectual and wine steward, is currently an Esalen vice president in charge of program development. He is also the editor of the Esalen Publishing Program, of which *Hot Springs* is a product.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

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